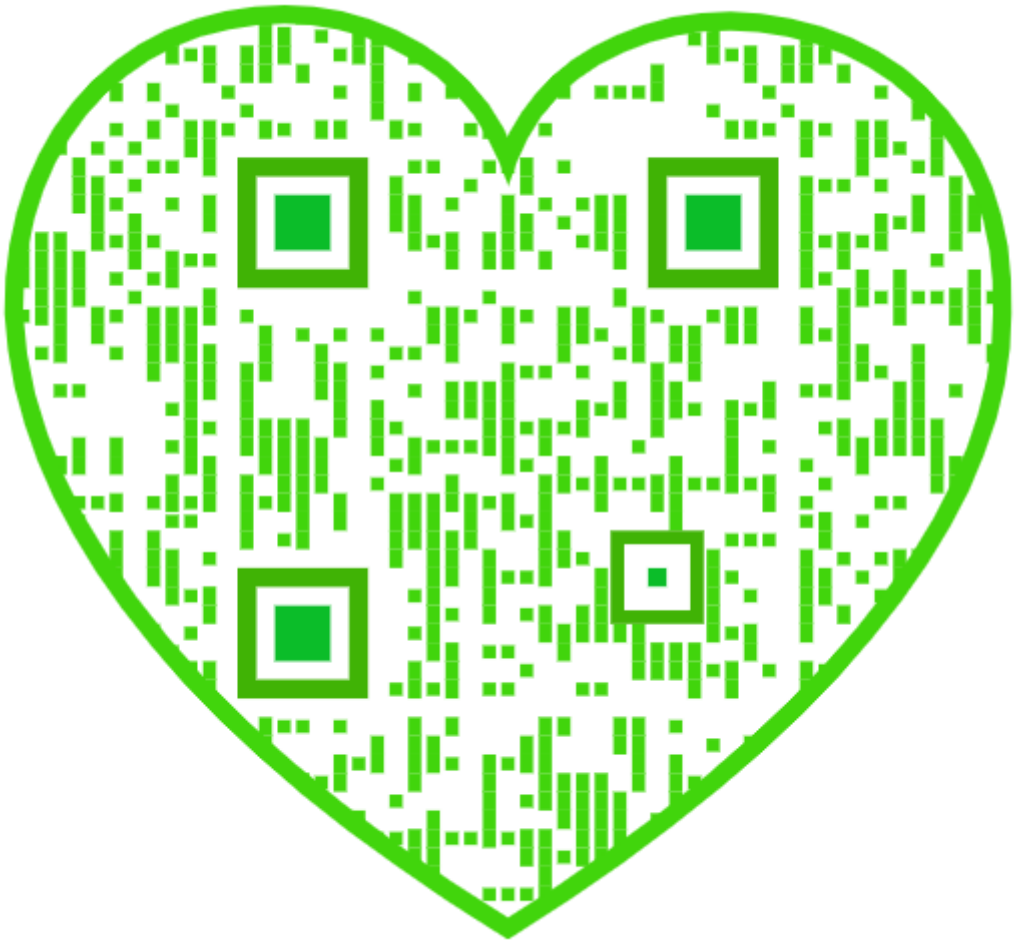
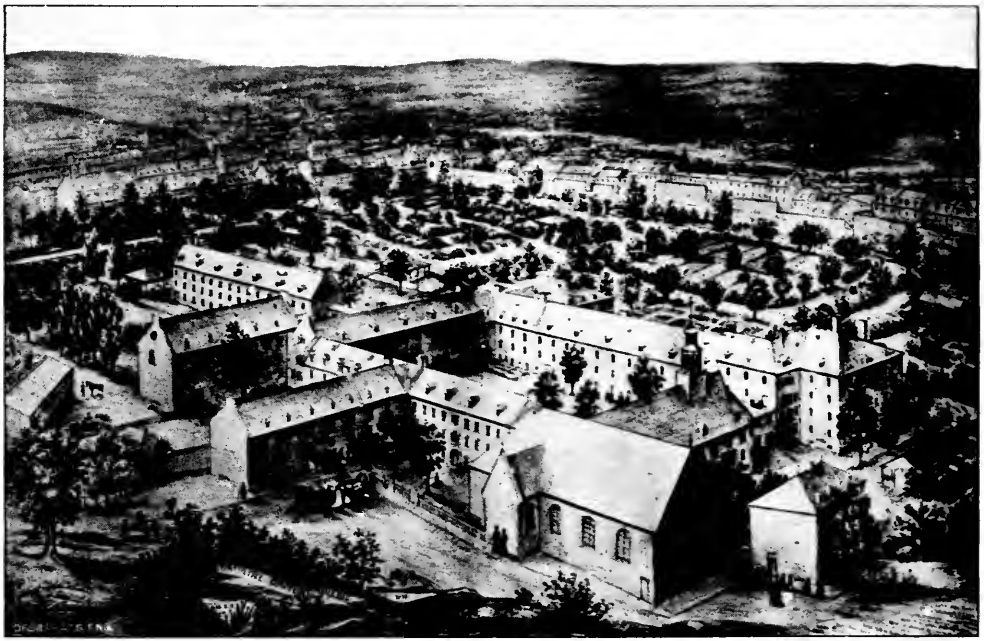


REMINISCENCES

OF

FIFTY YEARS IN THE CLOISTER



BIRDSEYE VIEW OF THE URSULINE CONVENT,

on the 250th anniversary of its foundation, 1884

43206

REMINISCENCES

OF

FIFTY YEARS IN THE CLOISTER

1839 - 1889

"Sweet is the remembrance of joys that are past, pleasant and mournful to the soul."—OSSAIN.

A SEQUEL

TO

GLIMPSES OF THE MONASTERY

BY THE SAME

A. M. D. G.

QUEBEC
PRINTED BY L. J. DEMERS & FRÈRE
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REMINISCENCES

OF

FIFTY YEARS IN THE CLOISTER

1839 - 1889

CHAPTER I

FROM THE PAST TO THE PRESENT

INTRODUCTORY

On the first of August, 1839, the Monastery was celebrating the fourth of those great epochs, a period of fifty years, of which at the present date (1897) it reckons five. The last pages of the "Glimpses of the Monastery" related the proceedings on that occasion, and now it is expected of us to set forth on a similar plan the scenes of the last fifty years, all of which are within the grasp of memory. It is no longer the mingled threads of tradition we have to unravel, nor the brief records on the pages of the annals that will be our sole guide, but we can now tell of "what we have seen and testify to what we have known".

It will be the travel from one golden mile-stone to another from 1839 to 1889, with the companions of the way and the various incidents of the route. One after another the companions of the morning hours disappear, to be replaced by others, of lighter footsteps perhaps, but of less familiar features, till the whole company press around the one solitary survivor of that morning start and question her of the past. The request is heard with willing ear, for the aged love to recall the memories of their early years. It is no longer in "rosy dreams," as in youth, that they place their delight, but they view with pleasure the distant landscape, the hills and valleys which they have left behind, and which in imagination are still peopled with all that made them delightful, or sad, or impressive, when the journey was being performed.

Among these companions of the way, none are so conspicuous as the leaders, hence we shall open this book with a biographical sketch of the lives of two Superiors to whom was entrusted the government of the monastery from 1839 till 1874. The two spiritual guides whose services extended over the whole half century have not been forgotten. Neither have we omitted the names of some of the laborers in the vineyard of the Lord, whose arrival in the field seemed providential, nor of others whose prolonged services demanded this distinction. The names of these and of other younger members of the cloistered family whose briefer career has been noticed, are remembered in many a happy household, both in Canada and beyond the limits of their native land.

In short, pursuing the familiar theme of convent life, we have noted such events as occur to vary the scene. Thus we initiate our readers into the secrets of the cloister, where, as Faber says of those who live habitually in a state of grace, "all is peace and contentment, while thoughts of heaven

and the hope that its joys will one day be ours, draw us already with magnetic force into the spheres of its abounding happiness."

If an occasional page in verse is inserted, it is to complete the narrative and give coloring to the scene of which it forms a part. As will be observed, these verses were not written with a view to their publication. To such of our readers, as were once pupils in the Convent, they will serve to recall more vividly with all its associations some day in the old-time school-life, imprinted on memory's tablets, to be cherished as long as that faculty retains its power of giving pleasure.

And here, before we quit the date of the 200th year, August 1. 1839, we shall revive the colors of that distant picture by a fragment of the poem which one of the nuns of that day has chanced to preserve, and which will enable the reader to judge what enthusiasm prevailed on that occasion.

This is the day. 'Tis now two hundred years!
Lift! lift the curtain. Lo! the scene appears.
Wild is the prospect round, where rises bold
Cape Diamond's crowned crest, mid forests old;
Home of the swarthy tribes, while ages sped
Ere yet was heard th'invading white man's tread.
But Champlain came; and where he set his foot,
A vine sprang up and fixed its hardy root.
A future city, mid the rocks he traced
With winding streets, then on the heights he placed
A citadel, to guard, where proudly waves
The lily flag of France.
The cross that saves
Surmounts a spire and points us to the sky.
But wherefore on this morn this tumult high?
These light canoes that border all the shore?
Why this parade of arms? The cannon's roar
Has brought an eager crowd to line the beach
While o'er the waters shouts of welcome reach.

Oh! well may joyous crowds come out to greet
These messengers from God's own Mercy seat!
What were thy thoughts, O thou who didst behold
This land in vision, like the seers of old?
Thou, with the Heart of Jesus for thy stay,
Hast pleaded long to see this happy day.
This is thy land of promise, Eden blest;
Upon its sacred soil thy lips are pressed.

And thou, dear noble lady! gentle dame,
Whose generous soul with holy love aflame
All earthly joys hast spurned; behold the field
That waits thy zeal to richest harvest yield.

All meekly joyful; wondering, yet serene
That band heroic view the novel scene.

After this fragment, bringing to mind the younger members of the community, who alone would be likely to indulge in day-dreams, let us introduce by their titles and offices a few of the rejoicing ones of 1839.

At the head of a community of thirty-eight nuns, Rev. Mother Plante of St. Gabriel is presented to us, re-elected to the superiority a few weeks previous to the celebration of the monastery's bi-centennial. By her side appears the assistant superior, the beloved Mother McLaughlin of St. Henry, more aged, yet still attractive by that look of dignity, intelligence and suavity which constantly won the hearts of all who knew her. The third officer, the zelatrix, is a gentle, frail-looking nun whom we name Mother O'Neille of St. Gertrude.

The fourth of the "higher seven" who compose the council is Mother St. Andrew, recently the incomparable novice-mistress, of whom our readers will yet hear more. At present she has charge of a busy office less congenial to the pious mind than some others in the convent, which gives her the title of bursar or depositary.

Among all these thirty eight professed choir-nuns, there is but one jubilarian, Mother Giroux des Anges, while not far away in rank is the amiable Mother la Ferrière of Ste. Marie who now presides at the novitiate.

Our readers will soon have an opportunity to form an acquaintance with these young Sisters, the novices, as they will also with the well-beloved Mother.

A few names and titles, and our introductions will be over. Here let us present the mistress-general of the boarders, Mother Couture of St. Ursula, as dignified as she is benevolent, Mother Vermette of St. Angela and Sister Dechêne of St. Francis Borgia, first and second directresses and teachers of the boarders. The half boarders' department is under the superintendence of Mother St. Athanasius, and the day-school under that of Mother St. Helen, with a good staff of teachers, for in both these schools the pupils were numerous.

After this rapid view of the *personnel* of the community in 1839, we might make a longer pause in the midst of that moving population, the pupils' department of the institute. There many of our readers would discover by her maiden name an aged grand-mamma, a grand-aunt or some aged friend of the family, who allows no one to ignore the fact of her having spent some years a boarder in the convent.

If the school-days of that aunt or that grand-mamma included the celebration of the bi-centennial, she remembers the convent building of those days, which seems almost lost to-day in the many additions it has received.

Yet will it be found that the same spirit reigns to-day as in the olden times. The convent is that " garden enclosed " over which the heavenly guardian ever watches with tender care and loving predilection.

CHAPTER II

—

SUPERIORS FROM 1839 TO 1872

MOTHERS ST. GABRIEL, AND ST. ANDREW

It seems natural to unite here under one heading the names of two Mothers who governed the community so many years in the same spirit, guiding St. Ursula's bark alternately with the same firm and gentle hand, the same uniform kindness and charity. Who then was this much esteemed, much beloved Mother St. Gabriel? Her family name was Adélaïde Plante; she was born in the parish of St. John (Isle of Orleans), of highly respectable parents, who cultivated their own farm, and brought up their children in the pure principles of our holy religion. After her first Communion, and an elementary education in the parish-school, Adelaïde was sent during two years to our convent where she continued her studies.

At sixteen, she already wore the white veil as a novice, the gayest of the gay, in that nursery of cheerfulness and religious fervor, the novitiate. Her self-possession, her dignity and aptitude for enforcing the discipline of the school must have been remarkable, to have warranted her appointment as directress of the boarders shortly after her profession. Yet it is related that if she succeeded in restraining her joyousness in presence of the pupils, it often happened on returning to the quiet apartment of the novices, that a hearty fit of laughter would be silently enjoyed before she could commence the occupations that awaited her there.

In 1830, she was elected to take charge of the temporal affairs of the Monastery as depositary; and in 1836, she

was chosen for Superior, replacing the able and beloved Mother St. Henry, whose second term of office had expired.

The Convent which since one hundred and twenty years had preserved the same dimensions, no longer afforded sufficient room nor conveniences for the yearly increasing number of pupils. Mother St. Gabriel's first care was to provide the half-boarders with a separate department for their classes, by the erection of a new building named St. Angela, along Parlor street. The same year, the house known as Madame de la Peltrie's, which, although it had been enlarged, was still insufficient for the numerous pupils of the day-school, was demolished and rebuilt. Meanwhile, aided by the experienced hand of our excellent chaplain, Father Thomas Maguire, the course of studies in the institution was carefully revised, and a new Order of the day elaborated.

To the system of examinations by the Mother Superior and the teachers, which had hitherto prevailed, was substituted (1837, 1838) as our readers have already been informed, a semi-public examination, followed by the distribution of prizes, the Bishop presiding with other members of the clergy.

In 1839, by the advice of the same indefatigable friend of the institution, Father Maguire, the parents of the pupils were admitted to this examination and entertainment which took place in a spacious hall in the new wing, St. Angela.

In 1848, Mother St. Gabriel was again at the helm, rendering her community happy by her judicious management and motherly care, ever animated by the spirit of our Lord who has declared that "his yoke is easy and his burden light."

Before the close of her second term (1853-54), another building of fair proportions, "Notre-Dame de Grâce" (120

feet by 50) had risen within the cloistered grounds, destined to afford a separate department for the exclusive use of the senior division of the boarders.

Another important measure decided upon during Mother St. Gabriel's administration, in 1859, was the admission of the pupils of the Normal School to occupy a department of the institution, while the programme of instruction was to be conducted in part by secular teachers. The suitable accommodation of these sixty or seventy students ultimately required the erection of another large building, St. Joseph's, in the near vicinity of Notre-Dame de Grâce.

But our readers are waiting for a closer acquaintance with this Reverend Mother, who is evidently held in high esteem by those who know her best. It would be almost superfluous to say that Mother St. Gabriel was at all times and in all circumstances the model of a perfect religious, animated with unbounded charity, unfeigned humility, a spirit of faith which seemed to realize the unseen. In her daily life and conduct she was the living rule. When before the altar, her very attitude was an incentive to piety. At the hour of recreation, her cheerful manner and pleasant smile invited to innocent mirth and sprightly conversation, while her busy fingers, responding to her natural activity, were ever engaged in some useful occupation.

Our Mother cherished above all the privilege of working for the altar, and following the example of our ancient Mothers, long before a Tabernacle Society was known in Quebec, the resources of her energetic character and benevolent heart were exerted to supply the poor missionary with church articles, vestments, flowers, altar linen, &c. Year after year, as new chapels were built along the Gulf, the coasts of Labrador, the Saguenay, or the distant posts in the

wilds of the North-West, Mother St. Gabriel was ever ready to furnish the equipments for the occasion. If the funds generously placed at her disposal by the community were exhausted, there were friends and former pupils to send in old silks and satins, velvets and ribbons, flowers, &c., knowing how gratefully they would be received, and how skilfully renovated, until they would be as good as new. They knew also that while the good Mother and the young Sisters her willing aids were thus piously engaged, many a fervent ejaculation would be sent up to Heaven in behalf of the donors.

Mother St. Gabriel bore lightly the burden of the office of Superior, neither disheartened by its solicitudes nor elated by its honors. When persons of rank and distinction visited the cloister our dear Mother, ever calm and self-possessed, conducted the reception with all the grace and serenity of one "to the manner born." In her intercourse with the pupils or with their parents, her invariable composure, her benevolent countenance, the interest she manifested in their welfare, never failed to conciliate their good will and to reconcile them to an authority so gentle and condescending.

Before pursuing further our notice of Mother St. Gabriel's long and useful career, let us introduce her colleague in office, whose name is equally dear and venerated in the community.

Mother St. Andrew, known in the world as Isabella McDonell, made choice of the Ursuline Convent to consecrate herself to God, without any previous personal acquaintance with the sisterhood. Her then distant home was Glengary, Canada West. There is, however, a key to the mystery of this choice of the Old Monastery for her future home.

A few months previous to her decision, there had been great rejoicings among the staunch Catholic population of

Glengary, on hearing of the appointment of the first Bishop of Upper Canada, *their* Bishop effectually, since he was not only a Scotchman from Scotland, but a McDonell. The Right Reverend Alexander McDonell [1], was moreover, Isabella's uncle, and knew of her desire to embrace the religious state, while his own most ardent wishes were to secure a foundation for the new diocese from the Ursuline Convent of Quebec.

This project was not destined to be realized, yet it was doubly fortunate, inasmuch as it procured the advantages of the religious life for Isabella and a younger sister who joined her later, both of whom, by their exemplary lives and services, have merited to be gratefully remembered in the community. Mother St. Andrew had pronounced the vows of religion in 1823, and her first services were rendered in the day-school, where English classes had just been opened in favor of the children of the Irish congregation in the city.

From 1836 to 1842, Mother St. Andrew was charged with the formation of the novices. From this important office, the votes of the community called her to succeed Mother St. Gabriel as Superior.

Of different national origin and in many respects different in character, they were one in heart and purpose, equally zealous for the general good and the welfare of each individual. Both were eminently conservative, venerating the traditions of the past, the simplicity and poverty of primitive times, yet appreciating modern improvements and ready to introduce them when required, especially in the departments appropriated to the pupils.

1—From Dumfries, Scotland, born 1762; received the Episcopal consecration in the church of the Ursulines, Quebec, December 31st, 1820. Created first Bishop of Kingston, 1826.

To characterize Mother St. Andrew, we should describe her as a person of deep sensibilities, a heart to feel and share another's sorrow or happiness; a sound judgment, matured by experience, a tender and conscientious sense of duty, a truly religious spirit which guided her on every occasion; such is the picture of this much revered Mother, indelibly fixed in the mind of all who were so happy as to have passed many years in her society or under her maternal guidance.

It was during Mother St. Andrew's first triennial term of office that the pupils, after a public examination and distribution of prizes (July 10th, 1843), were dismissed for a summer vacation, a measure which has now become a law, sanctioned by custom and general approbation.

The following years 1844, 1845, the sodality of the Children of Mary, made known to us by our beloved Sisters, the Ursulines of St. Mary's Waterford (Ireland), met Mother St. Andrew's ready approval and was established with the required formalities.

But at this date, 1845, how can we fail to recall to mind the awful calamities of the 28th May and of June, when two successive fires reduced to ashes the homes and comforts of two thirds of the population of the city, besides distroying several lives. The suburbs of St. Louis and St. Roch were one wild scene of ruin and disaster. "Heart-rending were the tales of woe heard on every side", wrote one of the nuns after the fire. "All the clergy have their hearts wrung at the sight of their suffering fellow-beings; the poor Bishop weeps when he speaks of the tragic scene."

Deeply the heart of our good Mother felt these woes, too great to be fully imagined or adequately relieved. Whatever alms or succor she could bestow was doubled to the sufferers by her tender condolence and sympathy.

The pupils of the institution knew how to appreciate Mother St. Andrew's invariable kindness, as well as her solicitude for all that regarded their comfort or their improvement. The sentiments expressed in the address which they presented her in 1862, on the occasion of the feast of St. Andrew, Nov. 30th, and which has fortunately been preserved, were doubtless as sincere as they were well-merited.

TO REV. MOTHER ST. ANDREW, SUPERIOR

Dear Reverend Mother,

Long our wishes call
This festal day, that gilds at last our hall!
For now, all clustered round thee, we may tell
The feelings kind that in our young hearts dwell,
And speak of gratitude, unfeigned, sincere,
For all thy countless favors, Mother dear!

Who is it seeks with true maternal zeal,
Our present happiness, and future weal?
Who watches o'er her flock with tender care?
Whose warning voice would guard from ev'ry snare?
And when our wayward feet are prone to stray,
Who guides us sweetly back to wisdom's way?
Ah! it is thine, dear Mother, thus to blend
The offices of guardian, parent, friend.
Yes! as the gardener tends with equal care
The various plants that bloom in his *parterre*;
This from far China, that from India's shore,
These from the mountain cliff where torrents roar;
On each bestows the needful time and toil,
Till each unfolds as in its native soil;
So we transplanted to the cloister's shade,
The objects of thy special care are made!
Oh! may our minds' unfolding beauties prove
Some slight return for thy unwearied love!

Here let me pause! 'tis an inspiring theme.
But words, alas! how very weak they seem,
And how they mock our efforts to portray
All that we feel on this dear festal day!
Ah! let the echoes of this proud hall ring,
While with one voice, as with one heart we sing:
Long live our Mother dear! long live our friend!
May joys unnumbered on her steps attend!
Long may that star of "purest ray serene,"
Gild with new gladness every convent scene;
Nor disappear, but brighter still to rise,
And glow with fadeless lustre in the skies!
Meanwhile, as years revolve we'll hail its gentle ray,
And raise the joyful shout: "Long live St. Andrew's day!"

November 29th, 1855.

After filling a second term, Mother St. Andrew was appointed *depositary* in lieu of Mother St. Gabriel, and thus, alternately, she had guided the community twelve years, when she was elected in 1866, although still suffering from an illness which had confined her to the infirmary for some months previous. "What we ardently desire, we readily believe," and thus it was that our beloved Superior's recovery appeared so certain.

One short month proved the fallacy of our sweet anticipations. The announcement of the approach of death was sudden, but the venerable Mother calmly welcomed the summons, and prepared for the departure by calling to her aid the last consoling rites of holy Church. The grief and consternation of all the sisterhood, thus unexpectedly called to part with the Mother of their choice, may be better imagined than described.

But the dawn of an eternal day was at hand, and with the evening of the feast of the Blessed Trinity, our venerated Mother sweetly passed away, cheerfully laying down a life

which had been wholly devoted to the service of God. Nor could the Angel of death efface the smile from those dear lips upon which a blessing for her Sisters seemed still to rest.

Another election, rendered necessary by Mother St. Andrew's decease, recalled Mother St. Gabriel to the office of Superior, nor was she spared a re-election three years later. This eighth triennial term completed the twenty-four years of her administration, the longest period on record among the twenty-three Superiors who until that date had governed the Monastery.

To Mother St. Gabriel had been reserved the honor and privilege of commencing the labors in the cause of the beatification of our first Superior and foundress, Venerable Mother Mary of the Incarnation. On the 25th of March, 1867, the first step was taken by the appointment of a procurator ; the first proceedings of the Commission opened on the 13th of May. Those who took part in the first proceedings were sanguine in their expectations of a speedy and successful issue ; but, after thirty years, the happy event is still waited for yet with ever increasing confidence.

Relieved of the superiority in 1872 Mother St. Gabriel continued to serve her community in the office of zelatrice and counsellor, and still plied her needle as in her younger days, although her failing sight would no longer permit her to prepare it for use with the all-necessary thread.

Only during the last three years of her long career had she to relinquish her usual seat in the community-hall and her favorite place in the chapel. But the infirmary also has its chapel and altar. There the divine Physician deigns to visit the sick and the infirm, even as in the days of his sojourn among men during his mortal life.

The end came gently, and without any violent suffering. Like St. Paul, our venerable Mother could say: "I have finished my course. I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of justice from heaven." Her death occurred on the 25th February, 1888, in Memoriam.

The following lines were written the day after our dear Mother's decease.

TO THE SWEET MEMORY OF MOTHER ADELAIDE PLANTE OF ST. GABRIEL.

'Twas the decline of a long summer's day;
Hour after hour had slowly rolled away,
And now the setting sun's rays lingering fell
On tree and hillside, flowery knoll and dell,
As loath to quit a world it made so bright,
And yield its glorious place to sombre night.

An aged shepherd watched the peaceful scene,
But chiefly, on his flock upon the green,
Rested his tender, longing gaze; for there
Was life, with love responding to his care.
Full well his cheering voice each lambkin knew,
Nor ever truant from the fold withdrew
To perish in the wild; but, where he led,
All followed, docile to the hand that bred.
Now the long day was fading in the west;
The aged shepherd knew his hour of rest
Had come.—Beyond those portals wide,
Where greener pastures laved a crystal tide,
And flowers forever bloom, his place would be
With his dear flock, from every ill set free.

How calm that scene! and now, mid convent shades,
We 'll trace another ere the picture fades.

An aged nun awaits the peaceful close
Of her long span of life : its sunset glows.
Like that old shepherd, gazing on the west
She longs to reach the land of endless rest :
Beyond the crystal flood a rapturous sight,
Her faith beholds.—It fills her with delight.
" When will He come, she cries, the God I love ?
When shall I see His face in bliss above ?
Faint is my heart with longing to possess
My sovereign Good, my only happiness ! "
Thus, while our hearts were moved beyond control,
Breathed she the ardors of her parting soul ;
And still upon her flock in mourning near
Would rest her loving eye, dimmed by a tear.

Mother beloved ! thy course so nearly run
Brings to my mind that time when it begun.
In early youth thy happy choice was made,
At " sweet-sixteen." Within the cloister's shade
Thy years passed on, noiseless and without strife,
But rich in merit on the Book of Life.
How great was thy amaze thyself to find
Called to high office ! In thy lowly mind
E'er thou wast deemed unworthy of the last,
Nor ceased to wonder how the votes were cast.
In many hamlets thou hadst never seen,
Thy name was known, " the holy Ursuline ",
And through the breadth of Canada's domain,
Nay, far beyond, on rising hill, or plain,
Where stands some humble chapel, there behold
Our Mother's gifts, precious tho' not of gold.

The holy altar, how she loved to deck !
And, silks and satins,—often fashion's wreck—
Her skilful fingers deftly would combine
In vestures bright which costlier might outshine,
Vases and brilliant flowers were next her care,
And linen, white as snow, she must prepare ;
In all, she thought of souls redeemed with Blood !
Oh ! how she longed to pour that sacred flood
O'er all the earth ! Such fire her heart consumed !
Such love her daily sacrifice perfumed !

The cloister's inmates ever were her care ;
And each was happy in her certain share
Of that affection vast, that knew no bounds,
More than the ocean which the earth surrounds.
No weight of care or toil could dim the smile
We loved to meet benignant, without guile.
Her gentle words and kindness ever true
Dispelled all doubts, inspiring ardor new.

'Twas Charity's own hand that led the way,
And all is sweet beneath her gentle sway.
Rejoice then, dearest Mother, in thy God !
Thou didst pursue the path the Saints have trod ;
A dazzling crown is thine, O Mother, now,
And well doth it befit thy noble brow !
Protect us still ; and from his glorious throne,
Let Gabriel send his blessing with thy own.
One day assembled on that happy shore,
We'll praise with thee, our God, forevermore !

Feb. 28th, 1888.

CHAPTER III

VERY REV. THOMAS MAGUIRE, VICAR GENERAL

CHAPLAIN OF THE MONASTERY DURING NINETEEN YEARS

The name of Rev. Thomas Maguire could not be omitted when treating of education in our convent schools on a preceding page ; but a further tribute of gratitude is due to the eminent services rendered the community during nearly twenty years by our devoted and excellent chaplain.

Father Maguire's family history carries us back to the days of the penal laws, when so many of Ireland's best and

bravest, preferring poverty and exile to wealth with apostasy, fled from the land of their birth, " the green Isle of Erin," to the distant but more hospitable shores of the American colonies.

The ancient and honorable Maguire family was represented among these exiles " for conscience' sake " by Mr. John Maguire, who having settled in Philadelphia, married there in 1773 Miss Margaret Shut, a respectable quaker's daughter.

Their eldest son, whom they named Thomas, was born, May 9th, 1774.

The struggle for Independence, then commencing, would have afforded the exile a good opportunity for avenging the wrongs his family had suffered under British rule; but the loyal Maguire preferred a second exile to revolt, although it were against the government which had driven him from the land of his birth. He retired from Philadelphia, and soon after found his loyalty rewarded by an appointment in the British Army at Halifax where he was graded Commissary General.

Faithful to his sovereign " for conscience, sake," John Maguire was ever the fearless and conscientious observer of his duties as a Catholic. The religious education of his children was his first concern, and no sooner was Thomas of an age to follow the course of studies in a college, than he was sent to the Seminary of Quebec, where his remarkable talents, his ardent temperament, his natural intelligence and love of study, enabled him to terminate the classical course at the age of eighteen. His choice of a state of life needed no long deliberation. What vocation but that of the priesthood could satisfy the aspirations of one whose heart was on fire with the love of God, with zeal for the extension of the faith and a boundless desire to contribute to the salvation of souls ?

Even before his ordination (in 1799), his extraordinary abilities had attracted the notice and won the confidence of his ecclesiastical superiors, as may be inferred from his appointment before that date to the confidential post of Bishop's secretary.

A few years later (1806) the important parish of St. Michael, including Beaumont, was committed to his pastoral care with its various duties and great responsibilities. Never, perhaps, were the labors of a devoted pastor more fruitful or better appreciated. And what sweeter recompense could the Lord of the vineyard have reserved for his faithful steward, after the docility of his people through which the whole aspect of the parish had been changed than the conversion of his now widowed mother to the Catholic faith? This excellent lady, whose early convictions had been sincere and whose life had ever been most edifying, had the happiness to embrace our holy religion before leaving Halifax for St. Michael's, where she spent the remainder of her days with her sons, Rev. Thomas Maguire and Dr Charles Maguire who resided in that parish. Her death occurred in 1827, at the age of seventy-five years, and her ashes repose with those of Dr Maguire, since deceased, and several of his family, under the shadow of the cross, in the cemetery just near the church where her son Thomas had so often offered the holy Sacrifice to obtain the light of faith for his beloved mother.

After the immense services rendered in 1827 and the following years by Rev. Thomas Maguire in the college of St. Hyacinth where he is regarded almost as a second founder, after a journey to Rome in 1831 on business of high importance to the religious communities in Canada, his nomination, in 1832, to the office of chaplain of the Monastery was regarded by the nuns as one of the signal favors of divine Providence.

The new chaplain had hardly entered upon the duties of his charge, when he was required to undertake a second voyage to Europe, an event of less frequent occurrence in those days than in ours, on business equally confidential and of vast importance to the Church in Canada.

This time his absence was prolonged nearly two years, during which the interests of the convent, if secondary to his embassy, were no less faithfully attended to and promoted.

His letters to the Mother Superior and community enabled them to follow in spirit the intelligent traveller, now to the tomb of the Apostles beneath the vast dome of St. Peter's, where he offered the Holy Sacrifice with emotions too deep for words to describe; now to the ancient church of St. Agnes or to the hoary precincts of the Coliseum. Another day he returns from Naples, having visited the shrine of St. Philomena, and witnessed the wonders wrought at her tomb; or he writes still overpowered with emotion as he recounts the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius which he has witnessed six times, standing near the altar and examining with the coolness of a critic as well as the deep veneration of a Catholic. Other letters from Paris, where Mother St. Henry's beloved brother, Dr. McLaughlin, is ever ready to give substantial proofs of his affection as well as his liberality, in defraying whatever expenses may be incurred for the convent, enter into all the details of his purchases there: class-books, church ornaments, an organ for the chapel, a harp for the votaries of St. Cecilia.

Many of these letters, inimitable in delicacy of sentiment as well as in graceful diction, were addressed to the pupils, for the absent chaplain never lost sight of his relationship to the inmates of St. Ursula's cloister, and his chief enjoyment consisted in seeking to contribute to their pleasure, welfare, and happiness.

It was in this view that he visited the best educational establishments, the most flourishing boarding-schools, remarking whatever might be useful to his friends under the convent roof, keeping in mind that precious portion of the Master's vineyard which there await his vigilant and fostering care.

At last, the return of the interesting traveller was announced, and in August, 1834, his arrival awakened within the cloister such enthusiasm as could never be forgotten by those who witnessed or shared the rejoicings.

Entering immediately upon the duties of his charge, the devout and learned chaplain first concentrated the resources of his wisdom and his long experience upon the spiritual and temporal interests of the community confided to his direction. To maintain the strict observance of the rule and to preserve undiminished the spirit of the sainted Foundresses; to rescue the house from the depressed state of its finances, and to place the boarding-school upon the footing of the best institutions on either continent; such was the plan which his able hand had drawn out for himself, and which he ever pursued with ardor.

The financial difficulties were of olden date. They had commenced with the change of political government nearly eighty years previous, and had accumulated especially within a few years.

Long hours were passed in examining titles and properties, debts and spoliations, revenues and expenses, till there only remained to trace the path to a prosperous issue, through a practical system of economy and a prudent administration, to which the authorities of the house were most happy to subscribe.

The following address presented to Father Maguire on the feast-day of his patron St. Thomas shows with what enthu-

siasm the pupils loved to greet the venerable chaplain, whom they had learned to regard as incomparable for wisdom, learning, piety and zeal, as well as for devotedness to their interests and welfare. On this and on similar occasions, the address was followed by a song, and by a little dramatic entertainment suited to the season or the circumstance :

A FESTAL ADDRESS

(On the feast of St. Thomas of Canterbury, patron of our venerable chaplain.)

Heard ye that silvery strain of triumph ring?
Saw ye, descending swift on radiant wing,
That bright-robed angel? who's the victor now?
—That glorious crown is for a martyr's brow!
For thine, heroic son of Albion's Isle,
Thou of the upright soul, devoid of guile!
Illustrious Prelate, whose unblemished name
Is wreath'd with laurels of immortal fame.
Vainly did foes insult; their feeble rage
Moved not the steady purpose of the sage.
Let vile assassins come; he'll calmly wait,
True to his trust, and firmly meet his fate.
Oh! glorious fate, to give one's life for God!
To hold the faith and seal it with one's blood.
Ask Canterbury now who is her boast;
Will she proud Henry show, and all his host,
Or the meek martyr?

But wherefore call on heaven
For bright examples holy men have given?
Live there not still the just, the pure of heart,
E'en as the Syrian cedar towers apart,
Resists the storm, and casts a goodlier shade
Where all the forest's pride is prostrate laid?
Lives there not ONE whose merits we revere?
Companions say: ONE whom our hearts hold dear,
Whose cherished name is linked with all we love,
With present joys and hopes of bliss above;

ONE who has taught our youthful minds to soar
Above those pleasures worldlings vain adore?
Yes, Reverend Father: and might we this day
Attempt thy worth exalted to portray,
What glowing imagery the muse should bring!
How would the Convent's loudest echoes ring!
But if the garland thus unformed we leave,
A fairer wreath our grateful hearts shall weave,
When, humbly bowed before the sacred shrine,
We join thee at the mysteries divine!

Ursuline Convent, Dec. 28th, 1830.

The regularity and austerity of our chaplain's daily life would have suited a Carthusian, yet his vigorous frame and excellent health seemed not to suffer from the privations and constraint to which he subjected himself. A benevolent smile ever lit up his venerable countenance, encouraging the timid and winning the confidence even of little children.

The youngest members of the community as well as the elders, were ever received with that perfect urbanity which inspires assurance while it checks familiarity. It was a privilege to be sent on a message to our Father's room. On appearing at his wicket, he never failed to reward the intrusion upon his solitude by some sprightly remark or amiable repartee which revealed the habitual cheerfulness of his hermit-life.

In the direction of souls, our venerated Father exercised a rare discernment, and while some were urged with a certain vehemence to press on with greater alacrity in the narrow path that leads to perfection, others, more timid, more in need of encouragement, would listen with comfort to words which St. Francis of Sales might have addressed to his Philothea on the love of God.

The eminent sacerdotal virtues of the Vicar General, his integrity of life and exalted worth are sufficiently proved by

the confidence placed in him by his ecclesiastical superiors, and the veneration in which he was held by all classes of society; but the inmates of the Monastery may claim to have known him intimately only to esteem him more highly, as they witnessed from year to year the wonderful spectacle of a life of total self-abnegation, a life consecrated, in its highest sense, to the service of God.

From four o'clock in the morning till ten at night, the duties of the day succeeded each other with uninterrupted uniformity; from the confessional to the altar, from the daily walk down Donnacona Street, or perhaps to the Seminary, back to the quiet of his plain apartment, when writing or business for the convent, but chiefly prayer, marked the passing hours, the months, the years, till our venerable friend and Father, still erect in frame and agile in gait, had seen his eightieth birthday.

Thus had nineteen years sent up their safe account to heaven, when a severe attack of illness on the 18th of July, 1854, suddenly changed all the scene.

Death had laid his icy hand upon the form which age had not bowed, and bore away the unresisting victim within the space of thirty-six hours; but not before the holy priest had called to his aid the sacred rites he had piously administered to so many others. These he now received with the simplicity of a child, and as the end drew near, he clasped his crucifix to his breast, and pressing to his lips the medal of the Blessed Virgin, he softly murmured the invocation it bears: "O Mary conceived without sin, pray for us." That simple act bore witness to the childlike faith of a great soul; "of such are the kingdom of heaven."

Thus lived and labored among us that eminent ecclesiastic, whose vast erudition rendered him a competent judge of the

most intricate questions; whose credit and ability had been employed in negotiating matters of the highest importance to the Church in Canada, and, who before his appointment to the charge of chaplain of the Ursuline monastery, had thrice refused the pastoral staff and mitre.

CHAPTER IV

IN MEMORY OF OUR JUBILARIANS AFTER 1839

If the royal Prophet has declared that " one day in the courts of the Lord is better than a thousand years in the tent of sinners," what may not be said of the merit and happiness of spending so long a period as fifty or sixty years in the " House of the Lord " and in His holy service?

The convent register at this period, between the dates of 1839 and 1889, presents us with the names of twenty-three nuns who attained the measure of the Golden Jubilee of religious profession. Seven of these lived to celebrate the 60th anniversary of their consecration in the monastery; while one, our beloved Mother St. Gabriel, prolonged her vigorous existence to the seventy-second year of her religious profession.

By a singular coincidence, twenty of these Sisters destined to live their half century each, entered the convent successively, were admitted to profession and maintained their ranks unbroken till each in turn had celebrated her Golden Jubilee.

First on the list of the jubilee celebrations after 1839 appears the name of Mother Françoise Giroux des Anges,

born in 1768, who in 1847, had attained the sixtieth anniversary of her profession.

Her reputation as a skilful florist, an artist of unrivalled skill in gilding, was at its height in the early part of the century, while her zeal for the strict observance of the rule, for the psalmody of the divine office and for Gregorian chant in which she excelled, continued to characterize her even when her advanced age no longer permitted her the success of former years. Prayer and labor rendered her useful to the community and agreeable in the sight of Heaven to the end of her mortal existence in 1849.

Mothers St. Helen, St. Elizabeth and St. Athanasius were sister-novices who pronounced their vows on the same day in 1810, and whose religious career might be summed up in three words: fervent piety, fidelity to rule, meekness and charity.

Mother St. Helen's chief services in the monastery have been mentioned already; those of her companions must not be totally omitted. Miss Sophie Rose Fiset, whose honorable family resided in Quebec, was educated in our classes from her earliest years, and entered our novitiate at the age of seventeen. Humble, laborious and exemplary in piety, her life in the community was like the course of the modest streamlet, which noiselessly pursues its way, attracting little notice, yet bearing blessings to everything within its reach. To oblige her Sisters by her charitable assistance, to offer prayers for them and for all the living or dead, seemed to be quite naturally her duty as it was her delight. When after a long illness her end drew near, and she was warned of the approach of death, her quiet answer was: "The Lord be praised! I long to see my God and to be with Him forever."

Another jubilee celebration was that of Mother St. Athanasius in 1861, repeated for the 60th anniversary in 1871,

four years before her decease, at the age of eighty-seven. Of the long and fruitful labors of this aged Mother some mention has been made in the preceding pages. In the later years of this venerable octagenarian, when with the feeble frame, the faculties of the mind were also weakened, it was a subject of remark and admiration to find the dear old Mother ever engaged in prayer, yet offering by a sign and a smile to lay aside her book to receive her welcome visitor. Her memory seemed to have retained none but the most agreeable images. Each day was for her the recurrence of some happy feast or anniversary, and if any one objected that it was not altogether a fine day, she was quickly answered that " the clouds were breaking and the sun would soon shine in all its splendor." Happy illusions, which were clearly the mark of peace of mind and passions subdued.

The two Catherines, Mothers St. Ursula and St. Agnes, " united in life, in death were not long divided."

Born in 1794, and during their early years strangers to each other, these two pious young ladies entered the novitiate at the same age and pronounced their vows together on the 15th of May, 1818. The end of their long career of eighty-five years parted them only for the space of three months; it was in 1880. They had celebrated together both the golden and the diamond jubilee of their profession.

Mother Catherine Couture of St. Ursula was a native of St. Joseph's parish, Point Levi; Mother Catherine Côté of St. Agnes, belonged to the parish of St. Augustine, both of these lovely villages being quite near the city of Quebec. Apart from these coincidences of names and dates, each of these dear Mothers is remembered by her own peculiar characteristics and personality.

Until the age of nineteen, Miss Catherine Couture had no thought of entering a convent. Pressed to give her consent to another vocation, it then first occurred to her that a choice of a state of life was a serious matter, and she realized the necessity of taking time for prayer and reflection. In order to have an opportunity of judging of the nature of the religious state, while she would complete her studies, she passed a year and a half in our boarding-school, and there decided to consecrate her life to God as an Ursuline.

That this was a happy choice, all who lived with her might bear witness. During her long and useful career she was ever the treasure and the joy of her community. In whatever office she was employed, whether as assistant-superior, mistress general, infirmarian or seamstress, her charity was conspicuous over every other quality and perfection. It was in the exercise of this godlike virtue that her good heart found its delight and its proper element. The institute was the object of her special predilection. For the welfare of the pupils, their progress in virtue, she still offered her sufferings, her sacrifices and her prayers when age and infirmities no longer permitted her to labor among them. Such is the memory dear Mother St. Ursula left us, when in 1879, at the age of eighty-five, she passed away from our midst to join the angelic choirs.

Mother St. Agnes comes to our mind as the personification of humility, diligence and fervor, in short, as the type of the interior life. Her health was ever delicate, but sufficed to carry her through the daily duties assigned in the various offices confided to her during her long and laborious existence. Not a moment of time wasted, not the slightest delay in obeying the signal which calls to the different observances in the course of the day, not a useless word infringing upon the sacred hour of silence; these were the outward signs of

the interior life of Mother St. Agnes. Who can reckon the amount of merit thus acquired during the space of sixty-six years spent in the monastery?

It was a goodly sight to behold these two venerable mothers receiving the congratulations their sisters offered, as is usual on such occasions, by that angelic group of little children, the first communicants. It was, besides, the delightful month of May, when the return of spring with verdure and flowers, the song of birds and new life every where attune the mind to joy and piety. Long years after, when the realities and perhaps the trials and sorrows of life, have effaced many of the joyous impressions of youth, the little ones who have figured in these convent scenes, now changed to sober matrons, recall with pleasure the name of the jubilarians they have crowned, and the companions whose voices mingled with theirs in the song of greeting.

We shall here merely mention the name of the jubilarian crowned in 1878, Mother Abigail Barber of St. Francis Xavier, at the age of sixty-seven, still youthful in appearance after a lifetime almost spent in convents. Our readers will meet this gentle nun, whose ambition was to merit the title of "Mary's lamb," in the story of the Barber family.

Mother St. John's name in her family was Anne McDonald; she was a younger sister of Mother Isabella McDonald of St. Andrew, whose memory, as our readers know, is ever cherished among us. Admitted to the novitiate in 1821, she found her happiness in the religious life for the next three score years, outliving her beloved sister by a score, and leaving us at her decease as a sweet legacy the bright example of her holy life.

Gentle and forbearing, as attentive to oblige others as she was forgetful of herself, her heart ever burning with the love

of God and of her neighbor, Mother St. John found daily occasions for the exercise of multiplied acts of these sublime virtues in the various offices she was called to fill. Her success in the management of a class was not in proportion to her desire for the improvement of her little pupils. Too great a diffidence in the exercise of authority is quickly perceived by the young who, while they take advantage of it, will wisely declare that "the mistress is too good."

Many years she was employed as mistress-general of the day-school, where by her kindness and longanimity, she won the confidence of both parents and children, while by her prayers she no doubt contributed to the cause of education doubly by drawing down the blessing of Heaven upon the labor of other teachers.

Humble as a child and as docile to the voice of her superiors, Mother St. John was a pattern of fervor and of exactitude to all our religious observances. So efficacious was her spirit of faith and so tender was her piety, that in the acute sufferings of her last illness, nothing so surely brought her relief as an invocation to the Sacred Heart, a prayer in honor of the Sacred Wounds, or the sight of the crucifix.

Her willing soul took its flight to the bosom of God, January 18th, 1888, at the age of eighty-three years. She had completed the fiftieth year of her profession in November, 1878, but in the excess of her lowly aspirings, she had appealed to her superior, and obtained as a favor that there would be none of the rejoicings usual in the community on such occasions, only "the prayers and offering of a general communion for which she would be most grateful."

Our first group of jubilarians might end here with Mother St. John; but another name deservedly dear presents itself for a brief notice. It is that of Miss Christine Vermette, in religion Mother St. Angela, who, had her dear life been pro-

longed only a few months more, would have also attained her jubilee anniversary of profession.

Miss Vermette belonged to the city of Quebec, where her father Mr. François Vermette supported his family honorably in the calling of a merchant. Christine, on leaving the convent, was soon introduced into society and at first relished the frivolous pleasures of gay soirées as do most young girls. More than once however, after the vain pageant was over, she had regretted the quiet enjoyments of her school days, the peace and restfulness of her convent-home. On one occasion, when the giddy dance and light conversation had worn the whole night away, her carriage drove past the convent as the heavy four o'clock bell rang its loud peal, calling the nuns from their peaceful slumbers to begin the day by prayer. Like another young lady whom we have mentioned, this young girl was awakened by that bell to serious reflections. Her night had been wasted in vain amusements which, promising pleasure, had left her exhausted and listless. The nuns from their night's rest had arisen refreshed and ready for the holy labors which would merit a reward in heaven.

These reflections were not the simple result of that passing disgust which often succeeds immoderate enjoyment. They were rather the prelude to a serious discussion of the great questions: "For what end has God created me, and how may I best attain that end? "In her case Miss Vermette found the response to be the same as was once addressed by Our Lord to the young man who enquired: "What shall I do to inherit eternal life"—"Leave all thou hast and follow me."

A few months later the young girl obeyed the summons, and entering the novitiate of the Ursulines, prepared to follow the footsteps of their Foundress, even as that heroic soul had followed those of Our Lord.

Was it by a special favor that the postulant, born in 1808, the year that St. Angela was canonized, obtained the privilege of bearing her name when taking the veil in 1827? Of this there is no proof, but we can bear witness to her special devotion to her holy patroness, as well as to our Venerable Mother Mary of the Incarnation. These names were often on her lips, when as directress of the boarding-school or as mistress-general, she inculcated their holy maxims or invited her pupils to emulate the saintly examples of these patronesses of the order.

Mother St. Angela, fully imbued with the spirit of Angela of Brescia, loved to form her youthful charge to the fervent practice of their religious duties and the virtues that should adorn a Christian maiden. Not a few of her pupils were called to follow her example by entering the religious state, and others, settled in the world, lived the holy and edifying lives of truly Christian women.

Mother St. Angela, however, had been chosen by divine Providence for another mission, that of patient suffering. During nearly half of her life in the community, through debility and ill health, she was debarred the sweet privilege attending in the choir, or following the common rule. At one time, when her sufferings had brought her to the verge of the grave, her health was suddenly restored, in answer to the united prayers of the nuns and pupils who had had recourse to the intercession of our Venerable Mother to obtain this favor. Never had our good Sister been so strong and healthy as she was during the two following years. But her normal state was destined to be that of a victim of suffering. Therefore, after the recovery of her health had been fully tested, another malady was sent which, after procuring her daily and hourly occasions of increasing her merits by patient and loving endurance, opened for her at length the gates of the city of

rest, on the 29th of April, 1879. Mother St. Angela had been successfully employed many years in teaching as well as in the offices of novice-mistress, directress of the boarding-school and mistress-general. In all these offices her invariable kindness, her persevering efforts to benefit the souls of those under her charge, her cheerfulness and pious conversation made an indelible impression, and won her the deserved meed of affection and gratitude.

CHAPTER V

1839-1842

MOTHER ST. ANDREW'S NOVICES

We have already set before our readers the statistics of the Monastery in 1839, and now we are prepared to examine what promise of future property is to be found in the novitiate of that period.

Only four professed choir-sisters, with three white-veiled candidates destined to perseverance, appear on that brief catalogue of Mother St. Andrew's novices. On the other hand, only one was taken young from the field of her labors; the others generously devoted long years to the instruction of youth, or sought to promote otherwise the best interests of the house, according to the talents bestowed upon them for this end by divine Providence.

The first upon the list is Sister Cécile Michaud, professed in 1835, with her gifted companion, Sister St. Thomas Burke. The others in their rank of profession were: Sister St. Frs. de Borgia Dechesne (1836); Sister St. Philomena Kelly Mur-

phy (1838); Sister Aloysius Dechesne (1840); Sister Ste. Croix Holmes (1840), and Sister Winifride Deligny, professed in 1841.

Sister Josephine Michaud of St. Cecilia, and her two cousins Emilie and Eliza Dechesne, were nieces of Mother St. Henry McLaughlin, and allied through their relatives to the best society in Quebec. Their parents resided in Kamouraska. During their school life they had frequent opportunities of forming acquaintances in the city, which in those days united civic and military splendors, as well as attractions and dangers of which it has been shorn in great measure by ceasing to be the capital of all Canada.

Their exit from society excited much comment, and their choice of the seclusion of the cloister was far from meeting the approval of their relatives.

Within the convent however, where their sentiments and aptitudes were better known and appreciated, the event had been foreseen and provided for in the special care bestowed upon the cultivation of their talents, destined to be consecrated to the service of religion. While the young nuns were taking lessons in drawing and painting from an American artist, [1] recommended to our Superior by high authority, these young ladies were admitted to share the same advantages as the cloister artists of those times.

But these are things of the past, the "long ago." Not only the three cousins, but their companions, all that happy group of novices, with one solitary exception, have passed away. That lone survivor has still fresh in her memory each of those beloved Sisters by whose exemplary life she has been edified, and on whose tomb she ventures to place this little tribute

1—Mr. Bowman, of Philadelphia, a convert, recommended by Bishop Fenwick, 1824.

of affection, by introducing them one by one to her readers, following the order of their " passing away."

Miss Eliza Dechesne, the youngest of the three cousins, entered the novitiate in 1837. Her profession took place, March 16th, 1840, in company with a young convert to the faith, whose baptism and first communion she had witnessed four years previous.

Very Rev. Felix Cazeau addressed the happy novices in an eloquent and touching exhortation, founded on the words addressed to Abraham, when called by the Almighty to quit the land of Ur. The text which the sacred orator proved to be applicable to the young candidates before him was the following:

" Go forth out of thy country and thy kindred, and from thy father's house, and come into the land which I shall show thee." (Gen. XII, I).

Miss Dechesne had chosen for her patron St. Aloysius Gonzaga, and like that angelic youth won her crown within the brief space of four years after her profession.

The messenger sent to bear her to the tomb was a pulmonary affection which declared itself a few months previous to the close of her noviceship.

Without regret she resigned her pure soul into the hands of Him who gave it, leaving her Sisters to mourn her the more sincerely that her amiability and tender piety had drawn closer around their hearts the sweet ties of sympathy and fraternal charity.

Made perfect in so brief a space,
And crowned so young: O, precious grace,
Worthy of envy! Sister dear,
'Tis not for thee, this falling tear,
Thrice happy thou! but ah! how lone,
My pathway to that blessed throne,

Where faith and hope rest satisfied.
O'erwhelmed in love's all blissful tide.
Extend thy care from yon bright shore,
To aid the lingering footsteps sore
Of one whose course in nearly run ;
The shadows lengthen with the setting sun.

Miss Emilie Dechesne's vocation had been decided upon only after mature and serious deliberation, during which the world's alluring promises, as well as its vain threats, were " weighed in the balance " and found unworthy to be compared with the invitations and gracious promises of the Spouse of virgins.

On taking the veil in 1836 and adopting the name of St. Francis of Borgia, the fervent novice had determined to offer the Almighty a true holocaust by regulating her whole life in strict conformity with her sacred engagements.

The natural vivacity of her temperament she moderated by interior recollection, carefully reserving for the hour of recreation the sallies of wit and humor which rendered her conversation so engaging. A remarkable facility for self-control, generosity in self-sacrifice, joined to a solid piety and some experience of the world, rendered her an able directress of the senior division of boarders, an office which she filled till transferred for six years to the department of the half-boarders, and thence in 1860 to the novitiate as mistress of novices.

Her skill in drawing and painting was exercised not only in teaching these branches, but also in copying from good models many of the holy pictures with which the monastery is now enriched. It was especially her delight to contribute to the good work, pursued through many years by that noble French priest [1], who brought into Canada valuable paintings,

1—L. G. Desjardins, Superior of the Monastery from 1825 to 1833.

rescued in a damaged state from among the ruins left by the revolutionary destroyers. These paintings, carefully mended and skilfully retouched, were eagerly sought for, serving as an embellishment of the altar in many a church throughout the country.

Among the pupils, Sister St. Borgia exerted the happiest influence through her superior talent for imparting religious instruction. As an example of her zeal in forming the pupils to the practice of true piety, we must mention the establishment of the Sodalities of the Children of Mary and the Holy Angels, as well as that of the Holy Childhood, all of which were introduced while she was first directress of the boarders.

These sodalities, which we shall have occasion to mention again, were the cherished objects of Sister St. Borgia's solicitude, and an unfailing source of consolation amid the incessant labors of her charge. Often she was heard to say, congratulating herself upon the part she had taken in establishing the sodality of the Holy Childhood: "It is upon the souls of these thousands of baptized infants that I count, to be escorted safe to heaven in spite of all my failings."

The year 1866, already so cruelly saddened by the death of dear Mother St. Andrew, had other days of sorrow in store for us. Sister St. Borgia's health had been on the decline for the past two years. An obstinate cough, with other symptoms of consumption had frequently reduced the courageous mother-mistress to the necessity of moderating her zeal in following the observances. The month of April found her at the infirmary. The 6th of June witnessed her last act of resignation and her tranquil departure for the land of the blest, in the fifty second year of her age, and the thirtieth of her religious profession.

Miss Josephine Michaud had sought admittance to the novitiate in 1833, at the age of twenty.

Endowed with great energy of character, she embraced the practices of religious life with an ardor, which, after rendering her a model of piety and exactitude, continued to distinguish her throughout her long and laborious career. Her daily life was not only a living rule, but, indeed, often far exceeded the rule by its austerity and lengthened hours of prayer. Her chief difficulties lay, not in the exercise of obedience or humility, which were her favorite virtues, but rather in the obligation to direct others and make them submit to authority, whether among the pupils, where she was long employed, or in the offices of assistant and mistress-general. If her labors in the class-room were rendered more difficult for herself by her own temperament, they were not the less meritorious, nor were they less appreciated.

Her golden jubilee of profession, in 1885, brought her abundant evidence of the affectionate and grateful remembrance of her former pupils in the many congratulations and offerings she received on that auspicious occasion.

Like her cousin, Sister St. Borgia, her artistic talents had enabled her to produce some good oil-paintings, which will long serve to remind the community of her own example of a holy life, as well as of the saints whose portraits she has left us. Whatever occupation was confided to her received the attention she would have given to an order from our Blessed Lord Himself. Thus it was that whatever came from her hands was found perfect. The same principle had taught her the diligent employment of her time, neatness and order, which she almost carried to an excess, as well as the careful observance of even the minutest dictates of the rule or of charity. Such, is the picture evoked by the name of Mother St. Cecilia; joined to the remembrance of her habit-

ual state of suffering of which she never complained, but rather was unwilling to admit when compassionated by others and exhorted to repose.

Even when attacked by a hemorrhage of the lungs which was to be followed in less than a week by her death, she could with difficulty be persuaded to retire to the infirmary.

The poor, worn frame could resist no longer; it sank under this last stroke. The tottering edifice crumbled swiftly, yet not with a violent shock. It seemed the "dissolving of the body to be with Christ", which as St. Paul declares, "is far better," and we laid our dear sister beside the other departed ones, all in their last sleep, awaiting the resurrection, when the "corruptible will put on the incorruptible," and death will be exchanged for immortality.

The next in that group of novices, named in the order of their departure, is Miss Lucie Deligny, known in the Convent as Sister St. Winifride. It is a name linked with pleasant memories for all who lived with that gentle, retiring, low-voiced Sister, whose emblem for hidden worth and excellence would be the costly pearl lying far down in the depths of the sea. With a casual observer. Sister St. Winifride might have passed for a person of ordinary abilities and perhaps inferior merit, but in the intimacy of convent life, the daily intercourse of sisters, the deepest veil of humility and reserve becomes transparent.

Silent and unobtrusive, yet ready and competent for every charge; as alert to oblige and render service as she was careful to avoid giving trouble or inconvenience, Sister St. Winifride was at once an example and an exhortation in the novitiate.

The pupils to whom her lucid explanations unfolded the intricacies of mathematics or French syntax, rendering those

studies both easy and attractive, were not the last to discover and appreciate the abilities of their excellent teacher.

In the office of second mistress of the senior department of boarders her acute discernment of character, as well as her invincible longanimity became conspicuous; but her services were required in another office, and during the rest of her too brief existence, her assistance as aid-depositary relieved dear Mother St. Gabriel of nearly all the labor and anxiety entailed by that important position.

It is a remark of Father Faber that sickness affords a true revelation of character; that friends are often amazed at the treasure of affection, piety or devotion discovered where years of close relationship had never brought it to light.

Thus it was with beloved Sister St. Winifride, whose habitual reserve and apparent reticence now expanded like the fragrance of a rose, attracting to her bedside each loving Sister with her gentle invitation to "come again," or to "stay longer," an invitation which each affectionate visitor was only too happy to accept.

Sister St. Winifride was the daughter of Mr. François Deligny, a respectable merchant of Quebec; her mother's maiden name was Genevieve Drolet. She had entered the novitiate at the age of seventeen, after having been five years a boarder. When her death occurred on the 6th of March, 1867, she filled the office of first Depositary. She had labored in the vineyard of the Lord nearly thirty years, and had lived to the age of forty-seven.

Sister Catherine Burke and Sister Mary Catherine Kelly-Murphy were not born in the Emerald Isle, yet were they of Irish parentage and disposition. These two gifted young ladies met as sister-novices under the guidance of Mother St. Andrew in 1836.

To the sympathy of race and of congenial tastes and sentiments, were now added the stronger ties of sisterhood, the long intimacy of the religious life, with its similarity of pursuits, enjoyments and sacrifices.

Miss Catherine Burke, who bore in religion the name of Sister St. Thomas, frequented our extern school at an early age, her parents having removed to Quebec from Newfoundland, where our future Ursuline was born, March 7th, 1814.

In the boarding-school her progress was as rapid as her talents were remarkable. Invited to spend a few months at Rivière du Loup, in the family of Miss Josephine Michaud, her friend and future companion in the novitiate, the enjoyments of that summer in the country were never forgotten, nor the scenes of Canadian home-life, with which she there became familiar. Many a page of her *Histoire des Ursulines* bears witness to the vivid pictures of peasant-cottage or seignorial-manor with which the writer's youthful imagination had been impressed.

During some fifteen years after her profession, Sister St. Thomas engaged in teaching, cultivated with success the talents of her pupils, at the same time that her own improvement in literary studies was preparing her to write of the house she loved so enthusiastically. Circumstances entirely unforeseen awaited to widen her experience. A journey across the continent, as will be noted elsewhere, with a seven years' residence in an Ursuline convent during the arduous period of its first foundation, contributed no doubt to inspire the design, and aid in the accomplishment of this work, which required literary powers and a clear judgment, as well as a masterful love of the "Old Monastery."

After her return from the South, while resting from the labors which had greatly impaired her health, Sister St. Thomas, with the approbation of her Superiors, silently

gathered from various sources, and gave form to the amount of historical, legendary and miscellaneous information contained in the four volumes of the " Histoire des Ursulines de Québec ".

In 1864 the first volume was under press. By the advice of Rev. Geo. L. Lemoine, our excellent chaplain, the work had been reviewed and had received some additional pages, introducing more of the history of Canada collaterally with that of the Monastery, " with which, according to the remark of Sir Etienne Taché, it is so intimately linked." In all this labor, Mother St. Mary, being freely consulted, lent as freely her aid and concurrence.

Mother St. Thomas at " three-score and ten " was yet light in her movements, clear in her faculties, and sprightly in her repartees as she had been in her younger days. Her piety had only become more marked and tender, her charity, if possible more delicate and expansive, her abnegation and self-control more complete. Her motherly features alone told of age; but the hour of a final departure was silently nearing, and after a short illness and a peaceful preparation, for the great change, on the 20th of January, 1885, the loss of a beloved sister was wept by the afflicted community; while in the courts above another faithful soul was welcomed to her eternal reward.

Sister St. Philomena, whose name we have coupled with that of Sister St. Thomas, entered the novitiate in January 1836, at the age of sixteen. Her double family name, Murphy-Kelly, demands an explanation.

In the early part of the present century, there lived in Hanover Street, Boston an elderly couple, wealthy but without children, Mr. and Mrs. Kelly. In the neighborhood dwelt another Irish family, of the name of Murphy,

whose youngest girl, a rosy-cheeked cherub of three summers, with golden ringlets and soft blue eyes, had attracted Mrs. Kelly's notice from day to day, till the good lady felt she could give all her fortune to possess such a child as her own.

That little girl's respectable parents were not rich in this world's goods, and when Mrs. Kelly offered to adopt that wee one, and provide for it as if it were her own, on condition only that it should bear the name of Mary Kelly, instead of Catherine Murphy, they thought it a providential event, even as it proved. Little Mary, at her tender age, hardly noticed the change, and soon learned to love her benefactress as her own mother, though later nature asserted its rights, and she never forgot the first love due to her real parents and family.

After having placed her in the Ursuline convent of Mount Benedict at the age of five, her parents of adoption had both gone to their reward before the time of her first communion. Mrs Kelly had outlived her husband, and nobly kept the promise of providing for the little one she had adopted, leaving her an ample provision for her future maintenance, whatever might be the state of life she would embrace.

In conformity to the will of her benefactress, Miss Kelly continued her studies under the able teachers in the convent of Mount Benedict and grew up an accomplished young lady, without lessening the piety and candor of her early years. That nothing might be wanting in the education of his ward, whose progress was remarkable, and whose talents for music were of a high order, her guardian, H. Derby, Esq., of Boston, desired to give her the advantage of taking lessons in French in a convent where the language was habitually spoken. Miss Kelly was accordingly sent to Canada, the convent of the Sisters of the Congregation in Montreal having been selected from motives of convenience for the journey.

Thus it was that the gentle young girl was spared the riotous scenes that attended the destruction of the beloved convent where she had spent so many happy years.

After a few months in Montreal, Miss Kelly returned to her Ursuline Mothers, who driven from their peaceful retreat had taken refuge with their Sisters of Quebec.

Already she had reflected deeply, and had resolved to consecrate her life to God in the religious state. Before the close of the year she decided to ask her admission to the novitiate in the Old Monastery.

The pupils of that New Year's day, 1836, were not a little startled with the discovery that their aimable young companion had quitted their ranks and now wore the white cap and black silk scarf of a postulant.

Three months later they assisted at her reception of the veil and habit of an Ursuline, under which garb they fancied she looked still more graceful and angelic than ever on that occasion, veiled and arrayed in white as on the day of her first Communion.

When Sister St. Philomena, as she will henceforth be called, assumed the rank of teacher among those who had lately been her companions, her quiet dignity and lady-like demeanor insured their ready submission and respect. In the department of music especially her services were long and unwearied. To train those young voices to sing the praise of their Creator, to move their hearts to piety through the influence of sacred anthems, harmonized by the great masters ; to enhance the solemnity of the different Church festivals by the skilful combination of all the instruments at her disposal, and thus to procure the glory of God and the good of souls, was the height of her ambition. In teaching music, her tact in imparting to her pupils the ease and self-

reliance requisite for success was evidently the result of her own invincible patience, of her perfect calm and self-possession.

Ever gentle and considerate, ever seeking to implant in the ready soil of youthful hearts the love of God and the love of duty, how deeply must these saving principles have been implanted in her own heart to have sustained her, ever cheerful and ever ready for every sacrifice through the long labors of fifty years, chiefly devoted to teaching music! The mention of fifty years will remind her former pupils of the bright celebration of her golden jubilee. It is not to be omitted, but only reserved to its proper date.

CHAPTER VI

PIOUS ASSOCIATIONS INTRODUCED

THE HOLY CHILDHOOD. ST. ANGELA'S CHURCH IN CHINA

In connection with the name of Mother Dechesne of St. Francis of Borgia we have mentioned the pious association of the Holy Childhood. This appeal to children in behalf of abandoned infants in heathen countries originated in France, in 1843, through the zeal of the illustrious Bishop of Nancy, Count Forbin-Janson.

It would be superfluous to explain here that the objects of the society are to reserve and baptize children in danger of death; to bring up in Christian families or in convents the survivors, and to found establishments where some of these children can be trained to become catechists, teachers or apostles among their countrymen.

It was the last crowning work of the venerable prelate's apostolic life, and was rapidly propagated through the Catholic countries of Europe. Among the numerous associates, princes and princesses of the royal Houses of Belgium, Spain and Austria inscribed their names while they sent in their munificent donations.

Canada was not slow in adopting a society instituted by a saintly bishop, whose eloquence had irresistibly moved her populations wherever he had passed. In Quebec, pious ladies welcomed it and established it on so firm a basis, that it has now passed its jubilee anniversary without ever failing to send to the central directory its annual offering, including that of the pupils of the Ursulines.

The first president of the Holy Childhood in Quebec was Mrs. Vital Têtu, 1841. The first remittance from the associates in the convent was the result of an ingenious expedient, suggested by their first directress Mother St. Borgia.

It was the year when young ladies in the city had discovered the beauty of *embroidered muslin aprons*. Suddenly it became fashionable in the convent. The swiftest fingers were put in requisition to furnish the elegant article, which proved the more saleable from the certainty that the proceeds would be devoted to the work of the new society. When all had been supplied with aprons, other articles of daily wear were found indispensable; wrappers of which the supply ever seemed insufficient, collars of various styles and patterns. Among the half-boarders, a lottery had been organized, and some pretty articles had been offered to raffle. In short, success had crowned the efforts of the associates, and taught them the pleasures of beneficence.

The following year, at the request of the ladies who directed the Society in the city, and with the promise of their concurrence as guardians, the pupils of the Ursulines held a "Chil-

dren's Bazaar," in one of the halls at the St. Louis Hotel, where was realized the sum of over four hundred dollars, The young ladies from the Convent who particularly distinguished themselves by their zeal and generosity were the following: Miss Caroline Nault (later Mrs. Ernest Gagnon), Miss Clorinde Mondelet (Mrs. Judge Routhier), Miss Amélie Duchesnay (Mrs A. Lindsay), Miss Margaret O'Brien (Sister St. Joseph of the Congregation of Jesus and Mary), and Miss Mary [illegible], an amiable Protestant young lady.

Every thing had passed off to the satisfaction of all the parties concerned in its success; nevertheless, it was not deemed expedient to repeat the experiment, from which some inconveniences might naturally be apprehended.

To organize within the convent a bazar with its various attractions, its useful and fancy articles, its tables of refreshments, its raffles, its fish-pond, &c., and this without inviting other purchasers than the pupils daily in attendance, was another expedient which has been repeatedly and successfully adopted. At other times a concert or a literary and musical entertainment is prepared, in order to provide an offering for the Holy Childhood or other works of charity, for the pupils are taught to patronize other Societies besides that of their predilection.

These lotteries, bazaars, and entertainments have their charms, as deviations from the routine of school-life, while their financial success becomes a new source of pleasing excitement. From year to year the annual contribution of the pupils, keeping pace with their zeal for the Association of the Holy Childhood, has varied from one hundred and sixty to two hundred dollars.

Another means of augmenting the pecuniary resources of the society, and one which is for many reasons preferred to

all the others, is that of a collection taken up during the holy mass offered for the associates and their work. This festival, announced at the Cathedral on a Sunday in the month of May, takes place on a week-day. It is *la fête des petites*, the feast of the little ones. Two of the smallest among these little ones, boarders and half-boarders, are selected to take up the collection. It is an event in their little lives, one to be remembered when it will be their turn to give, rather than to receive. The older pupils, suddenly invested with the right to bestow alms, handle their purses with becoming dignity, and listen with pleasure to the chink of the falling coins as the little collectors pass through their ranks. Meanwhile, the holy sacrifice proceeds, and pious hymns accompany the Offertory, till the tinkle of the bell gives warning of the most solemn moment of mass, for which the best preparation is the silent prayer of the humble worshipper.

A few moments later, our little collectors are again seen gliding through the ranks of the congregation in the exterior church, where are assembled their mothers, their elder sisters, and other pious ladies. The little purses are filled again for the last time. Mass is over, and means have been provided for the zealous catechist in a far-off pagan land to pursue his labor of love by purchasing for a few cents the right to prolong the life, or if too late for that, to open heaven, for an infant abandoned by its own parents.

Let us now explain by what means a church at Tsi-zé-ié, China, has been erected and dedicated to St. Angela.

A missionary, after laboring many years in the Celestial Empire, required rest; he was sent by his superiors to Canada, and came to Quebec. But the Jesuit Father Vasseur did not forget the poor neophytes who mourned his absence.

In their interest, he still exerted himself, and willingly entertained the nuns and their pupils by graphic descriptions of that world apart called China.

Details of a most interesting kind, important concessions obtained, whole villages asking for catechists to instruct them, difficulties surmounted and dangers that threatened; the good missionary speaking from the fulness of his apostolic heart could not fail to reach the hearts of his audience. Especially were they moved, when they beheld in spirit the divine mysteries celebrated by the missionary in an open boat on the great Imperial Canal, while from other boats surrounding his, would be heard the morning prayers, the profession of faith, or the commandments, chanted in unison by these recently converted Christians, assembled in so strange a place to hear Mass.

"They have no church, not even a roof beneath which the missionary might find a shelter for the holy altar! Yet the cost of a pretty church, all tapestried with tablets on which even the pagans might read the great truths of religion, would not exceed a thousand dollars."

"A thousand dollars! why, such a sum might be reached in a few years by doubling the proceeds of our annual concert or bazaar."

A few days later the offer was made in due form, on condition that the church would be named after the foundress of the Ursulines, St. Angela.

Henceforward the treasurers of the Holy Childhood economized, until the stipulated amount having been realized, in 1876, it was placed in the hands of Father Vasseur, and by him transmitted to the Superior of the Foreign Missions in Paris. A letter from Rev. Father Royer, the missionary stationed at Tsi-zé-ié, to whom the offering of a thousand

dollars had been sent, was addressed to the Mother Superior in September 1877. After explaining the situation of Tsi-zé-ié, a borough about fifty miles east of the city of Tchan-chen, he continues:

" Since ten years the poor Christians of this borough were praying for a foothold where they might assemble, and where the missionary might find a roof to shelter his head. Last year I was still saying mass in an open boat, each time I came to this place. I promised a novena of masses in honor of St. Joseph for the poor souls most devoted to him asking some special help to build a Church. Two days later, meeting at Vonsi the Rev. F. Ponblard, minister of the section of Tchan-chen, he said to me:

" I have just received from the Rev. Father Superior a letter enclosing funds to build a church in honor of St. Angela in the name of the pupils of the Ursulines of Quebec. Yesterday you were praying to St. Joseph, and telling me how urgent it was to build. To day our dear Lord sends you the money you require "

A few weeks later the work was in progress, the ground levelled, the materials purchased, and workmen engaged.

The next letter announced that the poor Christians no longer assisted at Mass in open boats surrounding that of the missionary, but in their own little church, the wonder of their pagan neighbors.

Since the building of St. Angela's church a regular correspondence has been kept up with Tsi-zé-ié, on the Imperial Canal in China. Sometimes the good missionary has a parcel to send. Opened in Quebec it is found to contain most interesting curiosities: Chinese embroidery, scapulars, collars, tablets of curious raised work, pictures, etc. Sometimes the church needs repairs, and of course, there is always a little amount that can be remitted from Quebec.

At other times the letter is simply a page of the history of the mission, the difficulties to be met, the vexations exercised by the pagan Chinese, ever adverse to the progress of Christianity among their countrymen. These letters are carefully preserved, they may form at some future day the annals of St. Angela's church in China.

At all times they may serve to encourage the members of the Holy Childhood to emulate the zeal of their predecessors, by whose generosity this noble work was accomplished.

CHAPTER VII

1846

SODALITY OF THE CHILDREN OF MARY

The Sodality of the Children of Mary is too well known to the generality of our readers to require an explanation. To others who might suppose that it is simply a "Ribbon Society," a distinction without merit, we would remark that in our convent schools, and in Catholic parlance, a sodality has a higher signification.

Besides the spiritual advantages which are attached to these associations, such as special instructions and aids to piety, a pupil is not admitted as a member without such efforts in the performance of daily duties, as are of vast importance in the formation of character. Children of Mary are then the *élite* of the senior department of the institute. Their insignia, a medal and a blue ribbon, is a mark of the victories they have won; it is an ennobling title, and "*noblesse oblige.*"

This sodality, first introduced here, in 1843, had been made known to us by the Ursulines of St. Mary's, Waterford (Ireland), who, with indefatigable kindness, after giving us ample information relative to its object and organization, copied out the rule for us, and finally procured us from Rome a Diploma of Affiliation [1].

From that day forward, the sodality among the pupils of the convent, has not ceased to produce abundant and excellent fruit. The desire to be numbered among its members exercises a salutary influence upon the pupils both as regards good order and their advancement in their studies. Among the Children of Mary are chosen, not only the president of the sodality, but also the president of the Holy Childhood and of the Literary Society of St. Ursula. Is there question of working for the poor? the Children of Mary are the first to offer their contributions and their services. In the course of the scholastic year, other calls upon their charity may be expected: they will never meet with indifference on the part of the Children of Mary. From the ranks of the sodality are most often chosen the candidates for the religious state; now for the instruction of youth, now for the care of the sick and infirm, sometimes also for the contemplative orders. It is the Master's voice! They must obey.

Nor is the membership of a Child of Mary confined to the period of her school days. On leaving the convent her certificate and medal are a passport every where to the sodality now so widely established. If her home is in the city, she continues to come to the convent for a weekly

1—This diploma dated Nov. 17th, 1845, constitutes an affiliation with the *Prima Primaria* of Rome, approved by Pope Gregory XIII, 1584, by Sextus V., Benedict XIV, and Leo XII, 1824.

assembly devoted to sewing for the poor under the direction of one of the nuns. There she has the advantage of hearing a pious exhortation or instruction given by the local director, the chaplain of the convent. There also, breathing the atmosphere of peace which comes to her laden with her early associations, she feels strengthened against the worldly influences that may surround her.

Space will not permit us to pursue the subject further, nor introduce our readers into the interior chapel of Our Lady, where the youthful Virgin smiles upon her votaries from the lovely white altar they have erected in her honor. Neither can we depict the processions on the great festivals of Our Lady in the course of the year, when the Children of Mary, in flowing white veils, follow the glittering banner of their mother, reminding us of that virgin choir above, "following the LAMB whithersoever He goeth." Their gala day above all others is at the close of Mary's month, when all nature, in unison with the joy of their youthful hearts, displays her charms, her clear blue sky and soft temperature, her birds and her flowers, as the whole population of *Notre-Dame de Grace, St. Augustine and St. Ursula* [1], issue from their respective departments, and assemble before the statue of the Madonna presiding over the play-grounds, and whose niche becomes a sanctuary on that occasion. The sacred chant of the Litany is entoned. To its undulating measures, the procession begins its march, appearing first near the cross on the highest ground within the cloistered enclosure and following, group after group, each with its distinctive

1—Names by which are designated the different buildings occupied by the different divisions, the senior or first division of the boarders, the juniors and the Normal School.

banner, the winding alleys, till like a living wreath of beauty, it embraces the whole extent of the nuns' garden.

The last cluster in that wreath rivets our attention. It is St. Angela, personated by a Child of Mary, surrounded by little ones like so many angels. The holy Patroness of the Ursulines carries a glowing diadem of fragrant flowers, the pure lily of the valley, the sweet violet, the blue hyacinth and other flowers of spring, which she will lay at the feet of the statue of the Virgin Mother, when all have entered the chapel.

The ceremony closes amid waves of melody mingled with hymns of praise, rendered more impressive by the splendor of artistic decorations around Mary's throne, the flickering light of tapers, and the clouds of sweet incense rising there, when all assembled kneel to offer the floral crown to their heavenly Queen and ask her blessing.

How lovely is the spectacle of youthful piety! The term "angelic" seems perfectly appropriate when applied to a pious young girl, a member of the sodality; for Mary is the model held up to her imitation, Mary the Immaculate, the gentle, the unassuming, the kind, the compassionate! Mary, the modest young maiden who was troubled at words of praise, although uttered by an angel, who shrank from the highest honor Heaven could bestow until assured that it was consistent with the choice she had made of virginity.

O CHILDREN OF MARY! cherish the precious title which is yours and let it ever accompany your name. Love your sodality, and hesitate not to sacrifice at times your ease or your pleasure, in order to attend its assemblies, to take part in its good works, and to show yourselves worthy of it, by your fidelity to your duties whatever may be the station in life assigned to you by divine Providence.

FIFTIETH YEAR OF THE SODALITY

A quiet family-gathering was all that marked the day, yet how impressive the scene just witnessed within the two great halls of Notre Dame de Grace, thrown into one for the occasion! There were assembled all the inmates of the monastery, the eighty-five nuns with their two hundred and fifty pupils,in memory of the fiftieth anniversary of the first solemn reception of the Children of Mary on the same festival of the Immaculate Conception in 1846.

How sweet the singing of the Virgin's hymn of thanksgiving, the Magnificat, entoned by our good Chaplain at the foot of the new statue which he had blessed from the ritual. How touching the act of consecration renewed in the name of all present! The sodality to-day has seen its Golden Jubilee!

FEAST OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, 1896.

The number of names among the boarders and half-boarders inscribed upon the list at the various receptions that have marked these fifty years now amounts to five hundred and fifty. Let us foretell, if we may venture to prophesy, that in 1906, at the sixtieth auniversary of the foundation of the Sodality of the Children of Mary within the Ursuline Convent, the long foreseen event will bring to each member the satisfaction of receiving a complete list of all the associates, with their after fate or state in life, as far as it may be ascertained.

CHAPTER VIII

ANOTHER MARY OF THE INCARNATION

(CECILIA O'CONWAY)

The fourth to bear in the community the revered name of the venerable foundress was Miss Cecilia O'Conway, whose history is within our own times and can be written in part from our own recollections.

Born in Pittsburg, Penn. 1788, of highly respectable parents, the vicissitudes of her chequered life commenced with her earliest years. They were a family inheritance.

Her father, Mathias Ignatius O'Conway, a native of Galway, Ireland, had seen the family estates confiscated under the penal laws, and while yet a stripling, was a wanderer on the shores of America. In 1787 he married the only child of wealthy Irish parents, Miss Maria Archer, whose conversion to Catholicity entailed upon her also the loss of the property to which she was the rightful heiress. The babe Cecilia was but six months old, when Mr. O'Conway with his young wife traversed the wilds which then separated Pittsburg from New Orleans, seeking a home among Catholics, and hoping to obtain an honorable subsistence, by teaching English in that French and Spanish city, while he diligently pursued his own studies in the foreign languages there spoken.

The position of official interpreter which he obtained later led to a sojourn with his family in Baltimore, in Cuba, and finally in Philadelphia. From her earliest years, our little Cecilia spoke three languages, but chiefly Spanish, which she ever preferred. In Cuba her favorite walks led to the church, her favorite visits were to a convent of

cloistered nuns. All her inclinations tended to piety. She was admitted to her first Communion at the age of eleven in Philadelphia, and confirmed there three years later by Rev. Dr. Carroll, first Bishop of Baltimore. Meanwhile her education was not neglected. Her father, highly gifted, learned and deeply religious, had constituted himself her teacher, and took pleasure in cultivating the remarkable talents of this eldest daughter whose tastes and aptitudes were like his own. These studies were chiefly religion and church history, literature, profane history, natural history and the languages.

Of her vocation to the religious state we have heard her speak, and we know that the aspirations of the young girl of sixteen were only to a closer union with Him whose " laws she had observed from her earliest years." Hence, when that generous widow lady, Mother Seton, opened a school in Baltimore with the avowed intention of changing it later to a convent, Cecilia O'Conway readily accepted the invitation to join her.

Before the close of that year 1808, the new Sisters had adopted the religious habit and removed to Emmittsburg. Gradually, as the institution began to take a definite form with the title of Sisters of Charity, Cecilia experienced such a disappointment as had nearly decided her to return to her family. Her heart was set upon a cloistered life, and from having read the Life and Letters of Venerable Mother Mary of the Incarnation, she had hoped that the little society would adopt the rule of the Ursulines.

Mother Seton knew of these secret aspirations of Sister Cecilia, but regarded them as temptations. The directors of the new society were still more opposed to a step which, through the influence of example, might disturb the stability of other members. In the mean time, a few Sisters were sent

to New York to make a foundation with Sister Cecilia as their Superior; but every change in the institution only served to augment her difficulties. "A private religious company," she wrote later, "without the sanction of holy Church, so mixed up with the world and secular duties, was to me insupportable."

Still she labored as bravely and cheerfully during the first fourteen years of the establishment of the Sisters of Charity, as if her whole heart had been in the work. But in 1821, the sainted foundress having been called to her reward, the same attraction for the cloister ever persisting, the way seemed opened, and Sister Cecilia made a formal demand for her withdrawal, which after much consideration was accepted.

Having obtained the approbation of the archbishop of New York, she wrote to the Superior of the Ursulines, Mother St. Henry, stating in the fullest manner the peculiarities of her delayed vocation. Letters exchanged between Bishop Plessis, Bishop Hughes and Mother St. Henry resulted in the canditate's admission to the novitiate, and some weeks later, Miss O'Conway, who had been transferred to Philadelphia before her final separation from the Society, appeared within the cloistered precincts of the Monastery, which she had so long sighed to make her home.

Henceforward, the desires of her heart were satisfied, and all her letters from the cloister breathe of peace and contentment. With retirement from the world, she still enjoyed the opportunity of doing good by the instruction of youth, preparing young souls for their duties, as well as for the true happiness of life, by the truly Christian education to which the Ursuline Order is devoted.

Mother St. Henry soon perceived that the novice, who with the veil and habit of an Ursuline, had received the honored name of Sister Mary of the Incarnation, was

thoroughly prepared for the institute. Appreciating the varied accomplishments of the new sister, she soon confided to her the direction of the first class in the boarders' department. Here, besides the study of the English language and composition, certain hours were devoted weekly to ancient and modern history, to the elements of astronomy with the use of the globes. Botany, and the other branches of natural history had their turn in the course of the year, and these especially, the teacher who had studied in various climates and countries under the tuition of her scholarly father, rendered so interesting that her pupils looked upon her class as the most pleaseant of the day, while they regarded her as a living encyclopedia.

Her influence over the young girls confided to her charge tended above all to form them to become fervent Catholics and useful members of society, teaching them, by examples drawn from her own experience and observation, the importance of fidelity to duty even in the minutest points, the necessity of habits of industry, of self-control, of correspondence to grace and of living in the constant view of eternity. These salutary principles were not inculcated in the form of a dry exhortation, but they broke in naturally like a gleam of sunlight between the rifts of the clouds, making an impression the more vivid and durable from being the spontaneous effusion of deep conviction.

The different festivals of the Church afforded opportunities which our indefatigable teacher faithfully grasped, to impress the great truths of religion upon the minds of her pupils. Christmas especially had its touching representation, in all the vivid realism of the Spanish taste.

Not only the principal personages, the Virgin and Child, St. Joseph and the shepherds, or the three Kings would appear in wax figures nearly life-size, but around and beyond the

grotto, the trees, the flocks of sheep grazing on the distant hills, with Bethlehem near by. Here, at evening, groups of children would come in to sing the sweet Christmas hymns, the diligent Mother profiting of the moment to rehearse the story, ever new, of the birth of the Saviour. In Holy Week it was an illustration of a different character. Pictures of Jerusalem and the Holy Places, engravings of the Stations, the sorrowful Virgin, Our Lady of Pity veiled and standing near the large crucifix, while we pupils sadly chanted the verses of the *Stabat Mater*.

On these occasions how impressive were the looks, the accent, the voice, the words dictated by the holy faith of one who seemed to behold the invisible!

At other times, and often, we were entertained by the reminiscences of our beloved teacher's younger days. Now it was of her walks with her dear papa and mamma on the seashore in Cuba, where she would gather pretty shells like those in our collection Or she would tell us of the church of the Angel, all in rock and shell-work, where they buried—as they do in Cuba—her sweet little sister Dolores. We knew Mother Seton, good Father Babade, Mr. Dubourg-David, bishops Bruté and Carroll, as if we had lived with them. The names of her brothers and sisters, all were familiar, especially to us who aided her in the various metamorphoses which her little class-room underwent as the months rolled on. Here she set up her Crib or her Calvary; here also she taught embroidery as well as the sciences; and here, when a holiday gave us a vacant hour, she would invite the select few who were so disposed to take lessons in the pure Castilian Spanish she loved so well. Thanks to her disinterested zeal for our improvement and to her innate love of learning, the class of young ladies formed under her teaching were prepared for the more extensive programme which was

being introduced from 1834 to 1836, under the direction of an eminent director of the Quebec Seminary. Sister Mary of the Incarnation assisted at the lessons and experiments in physics and chemistry, with the pupils of her class, as well as the novices who had been her pupils. And when years came and went, bringing in their train feebleness and infirmity, our earnest teacher could rejoice to see her work ably carried on by pupils she had formed and directed, and who were now members of the community.

The last of her class-labors was in the line of embroidery and ornamental needle-work, of which specimens are still admired.

The trials inevitably attached to longevity, failing health and strength, the loss of relatives and dear friends, the changing scenes around, which constantly remind the aged of the change which awaits themselves, were not wanting as finishing gems in our beloved Sister's crown. The acute sensibilities of a heart like hers needed the balance it possessed of a virile faith and a boundless love of God. Thus armed for the combat, the prospect of her approaching end did not alarm her. There was no definite malady, but rather a general decline, the result of age and infirmity which after a few months brought her to the verge of the tomb. With the full use of her strong faculties, with that deep and tender piety which had ever distinguished her, she prepared for the last rites of our holy religion. In the late evening hours of the 8th of March, with a last absolution from her confessor and a few watchers by her side, the feeble chord of life silently gave way. The glorious day of eternity had dawned upon the trembling soul in presence of Him she had faithfully loved and served.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

CHAPTER IX

THE MISSES MARY AND ABIGAIL BABBER

IN RELIGION SISTERS ST. BENEDICT AND ST. FRANCIS XAVIER

With the names of the Misses Barber we are introduced to a family history which reads more like fiction than real life. The ancestors of the Barber family were living in Connecticut before the period of the Revolutionary War.

Early in the present century, Rev. Virgil Horace Barber, an Episcopalian minister, had married Miss Jerusha Booth, a lady of high intelligence, and had become the father of five children. One day, after reading the life of St. Francis Xavier, brought into his house by a Catholic servant-girl, he was led to inquire into the teachings of a Church which "could produce such godliness and inspire such heroism."

The result of his long and anxious researches, which were shared by his wife, was their embracing the Catholic faith with their little family, their subsequent separation through the conviction that Mr. Barber was called to the priesthood [1], the decision of Mrs. Barber to consecrate herself to God in the convent of the Visitation, Georgetown, D. C. while he, after the absence of a few months in Rome, entered, in the same city, the novitiate of the Jesuit Fathers.

Three years later, Mrs. Barber, now Sister St. Augustine, pronounced her vows as a nun in the chapel of the convent.

1—With Mr. Barber's change of religion, came necessarily a change of prospects. The Academy in Utica N. Y. of which he was the President, had to be abandoned, as well as his little farm with its pleasant parsonage and an assured comfortable living. Moreover, Mr. Barber had chosen the clerical state believing himself called

Mr. Barber, the Jesuit novice, at the same mass, pronounced his, as a member of the Society of Jesus. The children, four little girls and a boy, were present at this solemn consecration of their parents to the service of God, an example which in later years they all followed.

A few years, not uneventful, have passed: the three little girls in the convent of Georgetown with their mother are now respectively thirteen, fifteen and sixteen. The two eldest, Mary and Abigail, have made their choice of a state of life: they will be Ursulines. But there must be a double sacrifice: they will go to different convents.

When this is made known to Rev. Virgil H. Barber, he comes to Georgetown from his distant missionary labors in Maine. The newly consecrated Bishop of Boston, Rt. Rev. B. Fenwick, has also come to bless the family whom he had received into the Church six years previous. There is an affectionate gathering and a tearful parting in the parlor of the Visitation Convent. It is their last meeting. The strong minded mother bids adieu to her eldest daughters and they depart by stage-coach, under the protection of a worthy lady. One of the two sisters remains in Boston; the other proceeds thence to Quebec.

Mary the eldest daughter has chosen the convent near Boston as her home, but strange vicissitudes will bring her

to the care of souls. This divine voice he still heard calling him now to the priesthood, and willingly would he follow it were it not for his wife and children.

Mrs. Barber became aware of his perplexity, and although the thought of separation from her husband filled her with agony, she felt she must make the sacrifice to God. It was done, though at the expense of untold mental suffering on both sides. Later, when asked by one of her daughters how she had been able to give up her children, she answered: "I did not do it. God did it for me. He took me up and carried me through it."

one day to accept with thanksgiving, the hospitable shelter of the monastery of Quebec, where she will end her days [1].

At the age of sixteen, Mary was already as mature in judgment, as accomplished and well informed as might be expected of a young lady at twenty.

The convent of Mount Benedict, near Boston, was a recent foundation, enjoying a high reputation as an educational establishment. Here Mary Barber, now Sister Mary Benedict, pronounced her vows in 1828. Six years later, calumnious reports, ignorantly credited, and wickedly propagated, led to the destruction of this beautiful convent by an infuriated and incendiary mob. The ten nuns composing the community, with their fifty boarders, were driven from their peaceful home, and the heights of Mount Benedict, lately crowned by a fair structure, the home of piety and learning, presented only the dismal scene of a total ruin. On hearing of the terrible disaster, a pressing invitation had been sent to our dear sister Ursulines to come to us.

After an unsuccessful attempt to obtain redress and aid to restore their convent, the long journey by carriage was under-

1—Two years later, the two young sisters, Susan and Josephine, left Georgetown, the one for Three Rivers, as a pupil, the other for the Ursuline Convent in Boston, where Mary the eldest was shortly after professed. Josephine returned to Georgetown, and in 1833 accompanied a foundation of the Visitation to Kaskaskia, where she made profession and lived to celebrate her Golden Jubilee. Susan made profession at the Ursulines of Three Rivers, in 1833, under the name of Sister Mary Joseph. She died in 1837. Samuel, after two years at the Jesuit novitiate in Maryland, was sent to Rome where he was ordained priest, and returned to his native home in 1840. After a holy life, he died in 1864, in the 50th year of his age. He had filled with ability the offices of vice-president and professor of Georgetown college, president of Gonzaga college (Washington). The last of the family disappeared with the Visitation nun Josephine Barber, who died at St. Louis, Mo. 1888.

taken under the guidance of Father Maguire who was returning from Rome. The nuns reached Quebec on the Feast of all Saints (1834).

Further efforts were made for the restoration of the convent during the following years, and it was not until six years had elapsed that, in 1840, the little community finally consented to disband, resigning themselves to the mysterious will of divine Providence. Two choir sisters, Mary Benedict Barber and Mary John Harrison, with a lay-sister, obtained permission to remain in the Monastery of Quebec.

In the mean time, Sister Mary Benedict had taken her place in our class-rooms in 1835, as teacher of English literature and composition, giving lessons at other hours on the harp or the piano.

Thoroughly educated and accomplished, as well as fully imbued with the spirit of the religious state, her influence over the pupils was most salutary. The few ladies now living, who had the advantage of being under her tuition, must still remember her as one of the most distinguished among that staff of qualified teachers who labored in the institution from 1835 to 1847.

Not only among the pupils, but also among the novices, were the superior acquirements of Sister Mary Benedict turned to good account, especially by lessons in English literature and in elocution. Her penmanship, which was a free and graceful running-hand, may be said to have imparted a character to the writing of the nuns as well as of the pupils of that period.

But her too brief and most useful career was destined to receive the sanctifying touch of suffering, patiently endured, and this for nearly a whole year. It was during the summer and autumn of 1847 that an acute spinal affection began the

slow undermining of her health, till all her energy no longer sufficed to bear her to the class-room nor even to the dearer chapel.

It was a touching sight to behold that patient victim on her couch of suffering, where her wonted grace and gentleness of demeanor seemed to triumph over pain, even as the malady itself was triumphing over the energies of life and the skill of medical assistance.

With angelic piety our dear Sister had received the last rites of the holy Church; still she lingered peacefully, awaiting the coming of the Bridegroom till His call was heard on the 9th of May, whilst the community, her own Sister among them, surrounded in prayer the bedside of the dying one. She has heard the signal; she raises her emaciated hand to form the sacred sign of the cross, then bowing her head she calmly expires, recalling to our mind by her attitude and by the sweet expression of her placid features, the death-sigh of our Blessed Lord when He exclaimed: "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit."

Miss Abigail Barber had commenced her novitiate at the same time and pronounced her vows in the Old Monastery (1828), on the same day that her sister Mary had performed that great act of the religious life in the convent of Mount Benedict. Our Ursuline, known as Sister St. Francis Xavier, was destined to fill a long career, even to the seventieth year of her life and fifty-second of her profession.

Gifted, as were all the members of the family, carefully educated, and nurtured in piety from her infancy, our good Sister possessed all the requirements of an Ursuline as a teacher of young girls. Yet was her usefulness, through excessive diffidence in her own abilities, necessarily confined to the elementary classes, where however, her success was most

satisfactory. In whatever office she was employed, order, neatness and despatch were paramount. The duties of that office were a sacred trust for which she would be strictly accountable to God. In this conviction, every moment of time was precious, every point of the rule strictly observed. Whatever labor was committed to her was performed with perfection. "Do what you do with all your might," seemed to be her motto. To this day her embroideries and fine sewing, her pen-printing and embellishing are models of their kind. The piety of her childhood was never lost; its fragrance perfumed her whole life. Confidence in the Blessed Virgin was especially a source of comfort and strength to her on every occasion. Hovering around the altar to which she would bear the first tender blossoms in spring and the freshest flowers in summer, she loved to represent herself as "Mary's lamb," a title which suggested her complete reliance on her heavenly Mother.

Although our good Sister St. Francis' Xavier lived to an advanced age, her health was never robust. In the sufferings and infirmities to which she was subject, she was fortified and consoled by letters from her admirable mother, who would urge her to bear her illness "not through custom or necessity, but because our Lord is pleased to send the suffering, often recollecting that He stands behind the lattice, looking on and counting the degrees of glory He is to obtain from each act of meekness and resignation".

A severe stroke of paralysis in 1879 left our dear Sister helpless and for a time unconscious. Recovering partially the use of her faculties, it was consoling to us and especially to herself that she was able to receive holy Communion from time to time, as well as to join in the pious aspirations suggested to her. Her death occurred on the 3rd of March,

1830. Her whole life from the age of seven had been spent in the House of the Lord; to the innocence of a child had succeeded the angelic functions of the religious life.

The third daughter of this remarkable family, Miss Susan Barber, entered the novitiate of the Ursulines of Three Rivers in December 1830. With the white veil, she took the name of Sister St. Joseph, and pronounced her vows, March 19th, 1833. Her notice written by the nuns of Three Rivers represents her as a model religious, remarkable by her fervor and generosity in the practice of all the virtues of the religious state, especially that of holy obedience. This lovely flower of the cloister was gathered by the heavenly Bridegroom, on January 24th, 1837. Sister St. Joseph was only twenty-seven years old [1]."

The name of Miss Elizabeth Harrison, in religion Sister Mary John, later Sister Mary Joseph, has been mentioned in connection with that of Sister Mary Benedict. The services both rendered in our institution were highly appreciated, while both found a second home in the Old Monastery where they were admitted as permanent members of the community in 1840.

Received at the age of sixteen among the Ursulines of Boston, Sister Mary Joseph was admitted to her religious

1—The youngest daughter, "the baby Josephine," became a Visitandine. She wrote, at request, an interesting account of the conversion of her father and mother, which under the title of "Life of Mrs. Jerusha Barber," has been published among the Catholic Memoirs compiled by Rt. Rev. L. de Goesbriand, in 1885.

Sister Mary Josephine lived to celebrate the 50th anniversary of her religious profession, and died in the Visitation Convent of St. Louis, Mo., 1888.

profession in 1824. On her arrival in Quebec ten years later, she was an experienced and thoroughly qualified teacher of music, both vocal and instrumental, including theory and composition, with the whole range of instruments usually taught in institutions for young ladies. Sacred music was to her a link between her soul and God. In her thoughts of heaven, it was the celestial orchestra, the golden harps of the angelic choirs, the thrilling chords of instruments unknown to mortal ear, that awakened in her heart a corresponding thrill of the love of Him to whom her whole being was consecrated.

Her own admittance to that heavenly home was preceded by no long suffering or apprehension. A few hours of warning on the eve of the great Feast of St. Peter and St. Paul, during which the last sacraments were administered, followed by a day of unconsciousness, and all was over. She had been called to the eternal feast for the possession of which she had so often and so ardently sighed.

Sister St. Joseph Harrison was in her sixtieth year, and the thirty-second of her religious profession, at her decease, June 30th, 1866 [1].

1—The prospect of restoring their convent had kept the little community together until 1840. At that date the ecclesiastical superiors decided that three communities of Ursulines, those of Quebec, of Three Rivers and of New Orleans, would "share the spoils."

The two eldest professed and a lay-sister remained in Quebec, the two following in rank went to Three Rivers, while two choir-sisters and another lay sister were gladly received by the Ursulines of New Orleans. In each of the convents, these good Sisters rendered important services and gave great edification. Sister St. Augustine O'Keefe governed the community of her adoption several years. All have now gone.

CHAPTER X

1849

FROM QUEBEC TO GALVESTON

As cloistered nuns never travel merely for the sake of a change of place, there must have been some serious religious motive for the journey announced in the above heading, which was undertaken by Sisters Jeanne de Chantal and St. Thomas in 1849.

Two years previous to this date, Bishop Odin, lately appointed to the new diocese of Galveston, had obtained from the Ursulines of New Orleans a few Sisters to found a convent of their order in the Island City. As in the beginning of nearly all similar institutions, the little community had to struggle with many difficulties. "The harvest promised to be abundant, but the laborers were few," and already the worthy bishop had authorized the Superior, Mother St. Arsene, to apply to the Ursulines of Quebec for aid to accomplish the foundation of the new convent.

Letters had been exchanged without obtaining the desired result when, in August, 1849, the zealous missionary bishop appeared at the parlor-grating to plead before the Mother Superior and her council, the cause of the little community of Galveston. The eloquence of the worthy prelate must have been very persuasive to have obtained the services of two sisters from the Monastery of Quebec. The deeply religious heart of Mother St. Gabriel could not refuse the sacrifice, when it was urged that it would promote the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

The measure having been duly discussed and sanctioned, it remained to make choice of the Sisters for the important

undertaking. Sister Ste. Jeanne de Chantal and Sister St. Thomas, both highly educated and well qualified in many ways, were nominated. After consulting God in prayer, they generously accepted the mission as a favorable opportunity to signalize their zeal for the glory of their Divine Master.

The preparations for the departure need not be described, nor the emotions excited by an event so unusual in the Old Monastery. Friends and former pupils were loud in their expostulations. "How could the dear Mothers endure the fatigues of such a journey, and such a change of climate? How could they go among strangers, to labor with them and give them their confidence and affection?"

But our Sisters remained firm in their purpose and quietly prepared for their departure. At three o'clock p. m., on the 4th of October, after a reiterated embrace and many a heart-felt "*au revoir*", the tearful farewells had been said and our dear Sisters, now in their secular travelling dresses, issued from the cloister to meet our venerated Father Maguire, who had volunteered, as on a former occasion, to be the conductor of the missionary Ursulines as far as New York.

Friendly greetings awaited them at the conventual door, whence a covered carriage soon conveyed them to the quay, near which lay the steamer destined to bear them far from their convent home.

The cordial and sisterly reception tendered them in Montreal by the good Sisters of the Congregation, many of whom were personal friends of the Ursulines; the glad welcome received at the Hotel-Dieu, at the convents of the Grey Nuns and of the Good Shepherd during the three days the travelling company tarried in that city; all was duly appreciated, and recorded with many expressions of gratitude and affection in the letters addressed to the community by our Ursuline Sisters.

At the present day a journey across the United States to New Orleans would be accomplished in a few days by a continuous line of cars; but far different was the undertaking fifty years ago. To our younger readers it will be a novel experience to follow the missionary colony as they slowly proceed, now by the cars, now by steamboat, without being spared the experiment of a twenty-four hours' journey by stage-coach.

From Montreal to St. John's the conveyance was by the cars, exchanged there for the steamer *United States* which they designate as a "floating palace," Then the cars again from Whitehall to Troy; thence by steamboat, a varied journey through the unrivalled scenery along the Hudson through the State of New York, in the company of Father Maguire and several Oblate Fathers, *en route* also for Texas; such is the itinerary of the three days' journey from Montreal to New York. Mother de Chantal, when traversing the same region some twenty years previous, little foresaw this return to her native land and to the home of her childhood, for it is at her brother's house in Northmore street that the travellers are invited on arriving in the great metropolis.

Bishop Odin welcomed the missionary sisters with the affection of a father, but he would be detained in the city a fortnight longer to transact the business which had brought him hither from his distant diocese. In the mean time, the nuns are not left in solitude. Father Maguire is their most intelligent and attentive *cicerone*, and often are they invited from the palatial residence of Mr. White, in Northmore street, now to visit the Ladies of the Sacred Heart at Manhattanville, now to the college of the Jesuits in Fordham. Another day they call on the Bishop of New York, Dr. O'Connor; or they perform their devotions in the church of the Trans-

figuration, they assist at Vespers in the French church, where they hear singing that brings tears to their eyes, reminding them of their convent home. Father Bernard O'Reilly is joyful at meeting his Ursuline friends and praises their undertaking.

Nowhere perhaps was their visit more welcome than in Morissania, at the house of Mr. Harrison, brother of our good Sister St. Joseph. " There, says Mother St. Thomas, we received real American hospitality. " Oftenest they are at Sister de Chantal's home in Northmore street, where the bishop comes to cheer them, and where they discover that Father Maguire is " the most genial of conversationalists," so effectually did the good Father exert himself to dispel their homesickness.

At last, Bishop Odin and his company were ready to pursue their journey. Our Sisters bid a sad adieu to their dear aged Father Maguire [1], rightly apprehending that he had given them his blessing for the last time.

Our readers will remember that in 1849, the longer lines of the railroad-network which now covers the United-States were not laid; therefore it may prove interesting to follow our missionary band as they proceed westward, so moderately that it will be the 15th of November when they reach the Crescent city. On the 25th of October, they traversed Jersey City and took the cars for Philadelphia,

1—The grief of our Sisters at the thought of bidding Father Maguire a final adieu won them the favor of possessing his portrait a daguerreotype, the only style of photograph then known. On their return to Quebec, this portrait, supplemented by the vivid mental picture our artist Mr. Theophile Hamel had retained of his venerable friend, enabled him to gratify the community by producing an excellent likeness, an oil painting, life-size, doubly esteemed by all who were personally acquainted both with the painter and the original.

their company consisting of seven persons: the Bishop, three Oblate Fathers, and Mr. White, Mother de Chantal's brother. They could not but admire the city laid out by William Penn, its princely residences of white marble, its spacious avenues, its broad streets bordered with trees, its lovely parks and picturesque environs, where the crystal waters of the Schuylkill reflect the features of an unrivalled landscape.

In Philadelphia they were joined by three other travellers, a Mrs. Malone with her daughter, and another young lady, a postulant for the convent in Galveston. They reach Baltimore by the cars, and have only time to see the cathedral with its white marble altars and rare paintings, when they are again en route through pleasant country scenes, diversified by the elegant residences of the wealthy.

Leaving Harper's Ferry at noon they have reached Cumberland on the Potomac, the terminus of the railroad, 180 miles from Baltimore, at six o'clock p. m. They are now at the foot of the Alleghanies; the sun is sinking behind the beautiful forest-crested heights of these mountain ridges through which they must pass. There is time only for a hasty supper in preparation for the night's travelling. Around the hotel are ranged eight or ten vehicles to which are harnessed horses whose neighing and prancing tell of their impatience to begin the journey. Our missionary band of ten persons is quite sufficient to fill one of the coaches, and now they strike off into the solitude of the mountain-road, refreshed by the cool invigorating forest-breeze, and highly interested by the novelty of this moonlight scene, whose beauties they would doubtless have enjoyed still more in the full light of noonday. There is no sleeping in a stage-coach, but the night is enlivened by many pleasant anecdotes related by the good bishop, who has seen the Alps, the monks of Mount St. Bernard, and has met with many amus-

ing adventures. Morning finds them still in the grand old forest. A bishop and a priest are there, yet no mass can be said, and the only music heard is the sound of the rolling cavalcade and the occasional shouts of the drivers. The descent to Union Town at six o'clock allowed them to halt and take breakfast; then again they pursue their way, till at Brownsville they exchange their carriage for a small steamer on the Monongahela, which in due time lands them at Pittsburg.

The large and opulent city which has succeeded to Fort Duquesne and the habitations of the Indians is soon left behind, and their next halt is at Cincinnati, where the Bishop is constrained to remain with the Oblate Fathers, one of them being too ill to continue the journey. The nuns proceed under the protection of Mr. White to Louisville. Happy are they to rest a while at Galt House, to hear Mass at the cathedral, to be graciously welcomed by Bishop Spalding, and to receive words of encouragement and a special blessing on their future labors from the venerable Bishop Flaget, whose saintly career is now near its close. Cordially welcomed by the Sisters of Nazareth, founded by Bishop David of saintly memory, they also visit and accept the hospitality of the nuns of the Good Shepherd, a community of sixteen nuns, governed by Sister Serena, a Scotch lady, whose assistant is a cousin of the noted Father Matthew.

Only on the 6th of November were our travellers on board the steamer *Glencoe*, which carried, besides the usual passenger-freight, a heavy cargo of live-stock destined for the market at New Orleans. They are rejoined by the bishop and the Oblate Fathers two days later, and continue their way. Sunday, November 11th, finds them still on board. No mass, of course, but the bishop at the request of the captain of the boat, conducts Divine service at noon, reading in surplice and

stole the beautiful prayers from the ritual, and preaching a sermon "which makes so profound an impression that he is requested to preach again in the evening." After sailing four days upon the bosom of the majestic Mississipi, noticing "the vast forests of Arkansas, the orange groves of Louisiana, the fields of cotton and sugar-cane, the charming habitations of the planters and the little huts of the negroes," every where something new to remind them of the vast distance which separates them from the shores of the St. Lawrence, they pass Baton Rouge, and halt at Lafayette on the 15th of November [1].

Here the captain lands his live stock, the boat undergoes a thorough irrigation, the passengers attend to the duties of their toilet with unwonted care, for they are nearing the great city which lies there spread out on its low plain, as if to bask itself more completely in the burning rays of an almost tropical sun.

On landing, the whole missionary band proceed to the bishop's palace, a vast edifice which had formerly been the convent of the Ursulines. Soon our Sisters were on the way to the stately new convent, delightfully situated at some three miles distance from the city. There they were welcomed as old friends by Mother Ste. Seraphine and her community, among whom were three Sisters well known and well beloved, the Sisters St. Charles from Quebec, the Sisters St. Augustine and St. Clare, formerly of Boston, but also from Quebec, as our readers may remember.

1—Our travellers remark that any other boat but the *Glencoe* would have taken but five days for the voyage from Louisville to New Orleans in 1849. In 1816 it required forty-six days. The Mississippi in those days was the river of accidents. Our Sisters learned that in 1842, sixty-eight steamboats had perished; two years previous to their voyage, thirty-six.

After a most agreeable sojourn of twelve days with these amiable Sisters, our missionary band proceed five hundred miles further to Galveston.

The newly founded convent was but an ordinary dwelling-house with few accommodations either for the nuns or the pupils. Our Sisters were warmly welcomed by Mothers St. Arsene, St. Stanislaus, and the rest of the little colony, and soon had their offices assigned them. To Mother de Chantal was confided the formation of the seven novices; to Mother St. Thomas, the direction of the classes as mistress-general. The climate was not equally favorable to the Canadian Sisters. To Mother de Chantal, who had always suffered from the rigors of a Canadian winter, the heat moderated by the sea-breezes seemed to impart new life and vigor while Mother St. Thomas experienced its debilitating effects to such a degree, that all her natural energy was insufficient to enable her to continue her labors beyond the period of seven years.

At the first intimation of her desire to rejoin her community on account of her failing health, our Superior, Mother St. Andrew, wrote as follows:

My beloved sister,

I received your communication of the 18th November and hasten to answer it. My dear Sister St. Thomas, you are welcomed home by all your mothers and sisters, who will press you most affectionately to their heart. I spoke to our worthy Bishop on the subject; he promised me to write himself to Bishop Odin.

Write to me immediately, and let me know at what time you will be able to leave, that I may take the steps necessary to forward you the funds to defray your expenses.

Your departure will be a blow to poor little Mère de Chantal, but she must resign herself since your health compels you to abandon your post. Give my best love to the dear little Mère and the community, remaining.

my beloved sister,

your ever devoted,

SISTER ST. ANDREW.

On her return voyage Sister St. Thomas was fortunate to have the companionship of a Texan lady, who was on her way by the same steamship from the Gulf to the city of New York. For the rest of the journey, a protector had been provided for her in the person of Mr. Hamel, a respectable citizen of Quebec, whose business as a merchant had taken him to New York very opportunely. She reached home on May 14th, and met, as Mother St. Andrew had promised her, with a hearty welcome from all her Sisters.

Mother Ste. Jeanne de Chantal, in the mean time, had been appointed Superior, and before her return to the Old Monastery in 1868, had aided in founding a convent in San Antonio de Bexar, an enchanting spot noted for the salubrity of its atmosphere, its gardens of roses and its general healthfulness. But Mother de Chantal was now on the verge of her three score years; she felt their weight, and longed for the peaceful retreat where she had commenced her religious life. It is one of the prudent and maternal provisions of our rules, that a member of the community has always a right to return to the house where she has made profession, and most cordially was our dear Mother invited home. Escorted by her loving brother, Mr. Louis White, she traversed the continent in a few, days and with far less fatigue than in 1849, to meet with the warmest welcome from the community.

Our readers will notice in the biographical sketch of this esteemed mother, that she was still enabled to accomplish the duties of important offices confided to her here, till her last malady opened to her the gates of the heavenly City in 1885, seventeen years after her return to her first convent home.

CHAPTER XI

1854 - 1889

REV. GEORGE L. LEMOINE, CHAPLAIN

In the successor of our venerated and regretted chaplain, Very Rev. Thomas Maguire, we were blessed with another true friend and father, whose inappreciable qualities and eminent services during the next thirty years would challenge the lasting gratitude of the community.

Rev. George Louis Lemoine, on whom the sacred office of the priesthood had been conferred in Quebec, March 16th, 1839, had exercised the functions of his sacred ministry during fifteen years, in different parishes or in the scattered Catholic settlements along the Laurentides. These humble duties of parish priest or missionary were not of a nature to make him feel competent to replace so eminent an ecclesiastic as the Vicar General, Very Rev. Thomas Maguire. The position was accepted however with simplicity, in that spirit of faith and submission to the Divine Will for which our future chaplain was so remarkable.

Entering upon the duties of his office, he won pupils as well as teachers by the suavity of his manners, by his kindness and the fatherly interest he manifested on every occasion in all that related to their welfare. The duties of his charge were his only concern ; his diligence and application in their accomplishment could not be surpassed.

Weekly instructions, suited to the cloistered congregation gathered in the convent chapel on Sunday mornings, conferences to the nuns, to the novices and to the Children of Mary at stated periods, weekly instructions in catechism to the pupils, and their spiritual direction from preparation for

first Communion to the end of their studies—not to enumerate the other labors and duties essential to the priestly office and the charge of souls—such was the rule of life marked out to himself by our indefatigable chaplain, and strictly adhered to during the long period of his fruitful and duly appreciated ministration. A soul to direct, to console, to absolve, was to our good Father the most sacred and dearest employ; every act that tended to promote the spiritual good of his flock was a privilege not to be easily relinquished. The lively faith, the piety with which he celebrated the Holy Mysteries, was capable of inspiring fervor and devotion to all who assisted at his daily mass.

As a director of souls, Father Lemoine was gentle and sympathetic, yet firm and deliberate; slow in counsel and prudent above all, both in speech and action, while the deep sincerity of his charity was such that each individual soul felt safer in his hands than in her own.

The devotions peculiar to the Order were lovingly cultivated by our good chaplain. The legend of Saint Ursula and her companions, rendered palpable during the middle ages by confraternities in the great institutions of learning; the prophetic zeal of Saint Angela, inspiring her at that critical period of the sixteenth century to found an order devoted to the instruction of youth; the heroic courage of our Venerable Mother, of Madame de la Peltrie and their companions, foundresses of this monastery; these where themes on which he delighted to expatiate, deriving therefrom salutary teachings and precious encouragements for the souls committed to his charge.

The hermit-life which a chaplain of the Ursulines is expected to live had seemed to him at first an intolerable solitude and constraint; but in the accomplishment of its

duties, imposed upon him by divine Providence, it became a source of peace and consolation. His silent room was as the gate of heaven; the convent was his little world, his own *sweet home*

"Beloved o'er all the world beside."

It would be superfluous to say that in the improvements which from year to year have been introduced, adding to the dimensions of the Monastery or its salubrity and conveniences, our worthy chaplain ever concurred with hearty good will. Often was it at his suggestion that they were undertaken. This was the case particularly in varying the means of amusement and out-door exercise in the play-grounds of Notre Dame de Grace. The Russian snow-hill which now rises as if by magic as soon as the month of December has deposited its yearly tribute upon the frozen ground; the long arcades where our young pedestrians can enjoy a walk, sheltered from summer's suns and winter's storms, both owed their origin to the thoughtful advice of our good father. Year after year would bring new proofs of his anxiety to multiply the innocent enjoyments of the hours of recreation, thereby contributing to the great interests of hilarity, health and contentment.

The different sodalities, introduced to promote piety and form the character of the pupils, were at all times fostered and encouraged by the zealous Director of the Children of Mary, whose office and special joy it was to proclaim the fortunate candidates and invest them with the insignia of their respective Associations.

The pupils of those years, as well as their elders admitted during the month of August for the exercises of the spiritual retreat, have not forgotten how pressingly the Director of St.

Angela's Arch-confraternity would invite them to recur to the protection of the Virgin of Brescia, to take her as their model in the practice of piety, the faithful discharge of the duties of their state, and especially in zeal for the salvation of souls.

Other pleasing recollections will be awakened in the minds of former pupils by the mention of quarterly or final examinations, at which our good Father was wont to preside, attended by the Superior and Mothers of the community. They have not forgotten the benevolent smile which encouraged the timid or the beginner, the look of interest which awaited the solving of a problem, the success of an experiment, or the recitation of a poem listened to as attentively as if it had been new and not perhaps heard then for the hundredth time.

In their literary essays especially the pupils were encouraged by written appreciations, brief, but always delicate and judicious. Their manuscripts, under the title of the "Literary Butterfly," or "Echoes from the Cloister," took the form of a monthly periodical, which paid its regular visits to the chaplain's room from 1855 to the celebration of our good Father's Silver Jubilee, in 1879.

Nor were the pupils forgotten when far from their *Alma Mater*. How beaming with pleasure was the countenance of their former spiritual Father, whenever they would call upon him or greet him at their homes! How delighted he was to hear of their welfare, how grieved when they were overtaken by sorrow or misfortune! It was chiefly in these circumstances that they were cheered by letters which they highly valued and carefully preserved. The monthly Mass offered for their intentions, the sweet hymn to St. Angela, still remind the inmates of the Monastery, to pray for the dear absent ones,

exposed to the dangers of the world, battling amid the shoals and breakers of the rough sea of life.

But our generous friend found an opportunity to prove that the sacred precincts of the Monastery were dearer to him than his own life, which he voluntarily exposed for their preservation. The occasion was briefly as follows.

At a late hour in the evening of the 20th of May, 1864, a fire broke out on Parlor street, and in spite of the best efforts of the fire-brigade, the two dwelling-houses opposite the church were consumed. A dense crowd of spectators witnessed the scene with the utmost alarm, in view of the danger to the convent and the city.

While the firemen were striving to arrest the progress of the conflagration, Father Lemoine's attentive eye suddenly discovered a kindling mass along the eaves of the church-roof, which was lined since many a year with swallows' nests. Rushing to the nearest engine, and finding his appeal unheeded, he seizes the hose, and there, with the flames of the burning houses upon him, he directs a stream of water upon the glowing coals which very shortly would have inflamed the interior, setting fire to the church and endangering the whole establishment. But at what a cost had this feat been achieved! He was removed from his perilous position, happily before it was too late; but his face and hands were found to be so badly injured, that only after six weeks' seclusion in his room under careful treatment, was he enabled to offer again the holy sacrifice at that altar which, but for his heroic daring, might have been buried under the ruins of the sacred edifice. The gratitude of the nuns need not be told, nor their lasting appreciation of the generous deed.

Father Lemoine had filled the office of chaplain for several years, when he was invited to review the manuscript history

of the Monastery, upon which one of the sisterhood had bestowed much patient labor and research. The work met at once his hearty approval, but diffident of his own judgment he requested leave to call upon his good friend, Rev. Antoine Racine, to read with him the long and captivating pages, which revealed to them the secrets of by-gone years in the old Monastery founded by Venerable Mother of the Incarnation. Thus passed many a long evening watch, after the fatigue of the usual occupations of the day. When the work was ready for the press, the labor of aiding in the correction of the proof-sheets was not less patiently pursued, till in print the work formed the four large volumes known as the *Histoire des Ursulines de Québec.*

From year to year our good chaplain's patronal feast of Saint George was celebrated throughout the cloister with the zest usually displayed on such occasions. Festal offerings, tokens of gratitude and esteem, addresses in prose and verse, everything was appreciated and responded to with true delicacy and refinement.

The yearly recurrence of St. George's day, April 23rd, could not fail to be the occasion of a special fête in honor of the good Father chaplain. After a few years, the programme in all the details of music, recitations, although varying etc., seemed to have settled itself in an invariable groove as far as regarded the complimentary address and the song: one of these must be in French, the other in English; "such was the rule."

This fête in Father Lemoine's estimation was the pupils own fête, their special right and privilege. In this view, how great was his own enjoyment on such occasions! It was in proportion to his love for the dear children, and that was vast and unfeigned.

In 1877, our good chaplain's feast was celebrated by a little poetical dialogue—a pastoral it might be called, perhaps—which seemed to have a special charm for the dear aged Father. He was then past sixty years of age, and had been with us nearly a quarter of a century,

A group of little half-boarders dressed in white, and wearing bright wreaths of flowers, open the scene by advancing to surround the good Father, while they sing :

Haste to offer sweetest flowers ;
Haste with hearts all light and gay
Grateful thoughts and wishes blending
On our Father's festal day

1st Maiden (*spoken*)

The paschal time's here, but I know 'tis in vain
To search all the fields for a flower.
Cold April out-stretched on the frost mantled plain
Has no thought to adorn her a bower.
The snow-drifts lie cheerless where flower beds should rise,
Nor a bud nor a green leaf is seen,
Yet this is the day when, beneath other skies,
All the flowers hasten out with their queen.

(*Sung*) Haste to offer, etc.

2nd Maiden.

But why should we pine for the sweet fading things
That endure but three months of the year ?
The happy occasion St. George's day brings,
Calls for emblems more lasting and dear.
Ah, I know where the summer hides all the year round,
Lovely flowers shed a perfume so sweet ;
Their light stems spring up from the rich loamy ground,
And they climb till their bright clusters meet.

(*Sung*) Haste to offer, etc.

3rd Maiden.

Gentle flowers from the green-house, the bay-window, come
In your worth and your loveliness rare;
Not a day in the year but I find you in bloom;
Sweet emblems! our feelings declare.
In our hearts have been nurtured such flowers, and each day
Is their perfume ascending to heaven.
Be it yours, lovely blossoms, our thoughts to convey,
Not to words is such high office given.

(*Sung*) Haste to offer etc.

4th Maiden

Let the breath of the rose fill the air with perfume;
'Tis the language of sweet gratitude.
Bring the violets for memory; give all the flowers room,
As with feeling, they all were endued.
The lily shall point to the pure sky above,
The daisy its bright hues display.
As we children surrounding our Father with love,
Sing: "Long life to our friend! Many happy returns
Of the great St. George's day.

Another group of little ones with flowers sing, each in turn:

I've a rose from my own window,
Where I've watched it day by day
Now I have the same to offer,
That's the reason I'm so gay.
In our hearts are sweeter roses,
If we love what's right and good;
They grow well by teachings holy,
Ah! to whom the gratitude?

Haste to offer, etc.

2nd little maiden.

I have lilies white and blooming,
Jasmine brighter than a star;
I shall place them on the altar,
Where they may be seen afar.

When our Father sees them glowing,
He will think of souls so pure ;
He will know our prayers are rising
With his own the more secure.

Haste to offer, etc.

3rd little maiden.

I have mignonnette so lovely,
And the precious immortelle ;
I have pinks and lovely pansies,
All the flowers we love so well.
Hear them sing: Live long and happy
Worthy Pastor, dearest friend !
Deign to smile upon your children,
As our voices sweetly blend.

The whole school sing:

Through long years preserve him,
Heaven ! from every ill.
Send him health to labor
For thy vineyard still.
Where his hand has planted
In the fertile soil.
Ah ! may fruit abundant
Recompense his toil.

Dear and honored Father,
'Tis St. George's prayer
More than ours will bring thee
Gifts and blessings rare.
Like him, thou in glory
Shalt all happy dwell.
Ah ! may we surround thee,
Sharing heaven as well.

The 25th anniversary of our good Father's installation as Chaplain of the Ursulines (1879) offered an opportunity of which we gladly availed ourselves for a more ample demonstration.

For the first time in the annals of the monastery, it is recorded that a chaplain has attained the measure of a Silver Jubilee in the office of spiritual director of the community. The circumstance afforded an occasion to honor the much esteemed and revered Father, of which the whole population of the cloister would joyfully avail itself. A gathering of clerical friends in the chaplain's apartments, a banquet befitting the occasion, after which the company would be admitted to the reception-hall to assist at the entertainment given by the pupils, such was the programme for the celebration of the third of October, 1879.

Some thirty priests were able to respond to the invitation, and fully enjoyed the convivial hour, during which the hum of pleasant voices and frequent peals of laughter cheered all the environs of that usually quiet corner of the monastery. In preparation for the entertainment in the reception-hall, Mother St. Mary had ingeniously brought out the history of our former chaplains, each of whom was briefly characterized in prose or verse, the whole agreeably diversified by music and singing, and ending by a delicate eulogium of the hero of the day. The theme was appropriately responded to by the Vicar-General of Three Rivers, Very Rev. O. Caron who, among other things suited to the occasion, declared he had once enjoyed the company of Father Lemoine eight days "to love and cherish him during forty years." Our genial friend, Mgr Cazeau, was as usual most happy in addressing the pupils, and they, equally satisfied with their success in carrying out the parts assigned them.

But the day was not yet over. Father Lemoine's room, at eight o'clock P. M., was filled with the same company, invited to behold the novel spectacle of an illumination within the cloister and—*fire-works!*

A CORNER OF THE BOARDERS' PLAY-GROUNDS, 1870.

This part of the programme was to be executed by the pupils of the Normal School. The illumination shone forth from the many windows of the buildings that enclose the interior court-yard, fronting the chaplain's apartments. The pyrotechnic display consisted of rockets, Roman candles, etc., the crowning piece being the ascension of balloons, as large as feminine hands could undertake to manage. The *finale* of the evening entertainment was the singing of the *Benedicamus Domino* by the three hundred voices there assembled, followed at once by the *grand silence*, which at that hour is accustomed to reign supreme in the cloister.

That celebration of the Silver Jubilee is still remembered by those who were witnesses of its rejoicings or who took part in its proceedings. We shall not here attempt to tell of other days, remembered also, but with different emotions. Such is life !

CHAPTER XII

THE CLASS IN NATURAL PHILOSOPHY AT AN EXAMINATION, 1874.

It has been mentioned already that of late years the examination of the pupils, which formerly took place before a large audience, was now conducted on another plan. These examinations are mostly in writing. A part of the programme however, is carried out in presence of the Chaplain, the Superior, and some of the community. Of the proceedings on these occasions, it would be superfluous to render any further account; but on looking over some old papers we

have met with "AN HOUR AT AN EXAMINATION" in rhyme, which will introduce the reader as an invisible witness of the scene. The ranks of the pupils were as follows:

Augusta Cooke,
Claude Stephens,
Kate Coote,
Mamie Sheehy,
Rosie Jellett,
Emmeline Stephens,
Josie MacCarthy,
Carrie Lloyd,
Marie Lachance,
Grace McDonald,
Mary Adams,
Marie Huot,
Susan Foy,
Eugénie Carrier,
Hildah Andrews,
Valérie Rivard,
Emma Tessier,
Julia McEnry,
Mary Jane Cannon,
Charlotte Peters,
Amelia Aylwin,
Emélie Lemoine,
Alphonsine Matte.

'Twas one o'clock. We class-mates, ready stood
Resolved to make the Examination good.
Just in our midst, there was a grand display
Of apparatus,—'twas no children's play.

Already our companions seated round
Waited our tottering wisdom to confound.
But, lo! our Reverend Father now appears!
And nuns! an audience to excite our fears.

Still, nothing daunted, first rose *Alphonsine*,
Explaining what the learned physicians mean
By *matter*, *body*, *atom*; and of course,
Experimenting duly to enforce
These mighty truths.

—Now 'tis *Emélie's* turn;
And, from her brief discourse, we all may learn
That matter is *inert*. Moving or still,
It cannot change its course, like us, at will.
This we must note, nor from the flying car
Sudden attempt to leap, lest borne afar
By motion we've acquired, prone on the ground
Our lifeless, mangled limbs *inert* be found.

But now *Amelia*, with examples clear,
Tells how *cohesion*, bringing *atoms* near,
Makes *solid, liquid aëriform*, to be
The *states of bodies*.—From this force set free,
Repellent forces make the atoms spread;
One *grain of musk* will floods of odor shed,
One thread of gossamer, she dares maintain,
Six thousand little fibres doth contain.

Charlotte takes up the theme: "Now I pretend,
That nothing God has made can ever end
By human means. If heated by *the flame*
Of lighted lamp, *water* will change its name;
Gone from our sight, in *vapor's* viewless form
To night 'twill fall again, in *dew* or storm.
No atom yet is lost, since first was spoke
That word creative which the world awoke."

Who will dispute the point? Not *Mary Jane*,
Nor *Julia* either, seeking to explain
Attraction's laws, both when it binds the spheres,
Or guides the drop that trickles down in tears;
Or when, through *tiny pores* our lamp it feeds,
Acting against itself to serve our needs;
Now bids, in measured stroke, the *pendulum* swing,
To mark how minutes fly on rapid wing.

But hasten we, for *Carrie* waiting stands
To show what *force* becomes, in skilful hands:
The *lever* on its *fulcrum* softly moves,
And thus man's power is multiplied, she proves.
The *wheel* and *axle*, the obedient *screw*,
The *six mechanic powers* pass in review.
Carrie has made us wise; and when next year,
The wintry scenes around us bright and clear,
We, speeding down the snow-hill, loud shall cry
"It is the *plane inclined* that makes us fly."

Gracie and *Mary* pass to other themes,
And purest water bright before us gleams.
The bending *siphon* lifts the yielding tide—
Don't say who hastened then to *Gracie's* side—
While *Mary*, placid, gravely weighs with care
The mimic crown, in *water* and in *air*;
"*Archimedes* himself, she says, thus sought
To know whether the king was wronged in aught."

Again the theme is changed: of *air* they speak
And all its wondrous *properties* they seek.
"'Tis *heavy*, 'tis *elastic*, 'twill expand;
Compressed beyond a limit 'twill withstand.
It presses on us like a sea of lead,
Full *fifteen pounds* on every *inch* that 's spread."
All this experiments most clearly proved,
While *fountains* gushed, and ponderous weights were moved.

'Twas *Marie*, *Josie*, *Rose* and *Emeline*,
With *Cédulie* and *Emma*, six, in fine,
Who all these curious *properties* discussed,
Drawing conclusions, all approved as just.
Mamie one point forgotten called to mind
And showed how *falling bodies* sometimes find
Their speed retarded. First, with skill and care,
From a *long tube*, she has *expelled the air*.
A *guinea* and a *feather* downward tend,
With the *same force*, and side by side, descend,
Proving, triumphant, that 'tis air alone
Prevents a feather *falling* like a stone.

Once more the subject changes. 'Tis for *Kate*
To tell how through the air *waves undulate*,
Beating with nicest finger, every note
That issues mellow, from a tuneful throat,
Recounting, thro' the ear-drum, to our mind,
The thousands secrets which were else confined.
Oh, *sound!* what power to soothe! what charms untold
When thy full waves, harmonious, are unrolled!
What stores of wisdom, else in thought concealed,
At thy command, instantaneous, stand revealed!

But nature's brightest page is wanting still.
'Tis yours, *Valérie*, to unfold with skill,
The theory of *light;* to tell the laws
Given to the sunbeam, by the great *First Cause.*
" Bright messenger! Like thought, it leaps o'er space.
Lifting the gloom that veils fair Nature's face.
Its three-fold beam, now spreading into *seven*,
Now blending all in one pure ray of heaven.
Glassed on the bosom of the falling shower,
It paints the rainbow, as it paints the flower."

But haste we to record what *Hildah* says
Of the *electric fluid's* wondrous ways.
"Since *Franklin*, fearless, called it from the cloud,
We know 'tis gathered when the thunder's loud.
Two fluids—so 'tis said—must be combined,
Or restless are they, as the changing wind.
A fiery spark betrays the eager leap;—
Join hands, and you shall know its rapid sweep.

'Tis not more strange, says *Claude*, than what we tell
Of the *magnetic fluids.* Mark me well.
This lifeless *needle* ever knows the *North;*
The trusting mariner with it goes forth
O'er unknown seas, all safe as on the shore.
But wherefore should I now detain you more?
Strange sympathies philosophers have found
Among the *fluids* which this earth surround."

Eugénie, *Susan* and *Augusta* rise:
Attention, listeners, fix your wondering eyes.
Electro-magnetism, that is the word,
With apparatus that will proof afford.
Galvani's name and *Volta's* first appear;
But science has advanced from year to year.
The *magnet* and the *electric fluid* serve,
As feeble man directs, nor dare to swerve.
To bear the humblest *message* swift they fly,
Or strike the *alarm-bell*, when flames run high.
But not content with *telegraphic* skill,
Susan shows how physicans at their will
Send the *electric current* thro' our veins.

Seeking to calm the worst rheumatic pains,
Our young philosophers would prove their lore,
And, if their auditors, willing before
To be amused, would only now be cured!
No suffering ever more to be endured;
Oh, what a triumph!—"Reverend Father, try!
And you, companions!"—"How our pulses fly!"
The bravest, not reluctant, seize the wires,
And through the whole *commotion* no attention tires.

All have enjoyed the hour throughout the hall;
Thanks to the Reverend Father! Thanks to all!

CHAPTER XIII

1860-1879

ROYAL VISITORS

THE MARQUIS OF LORNE AND PRINCESS LOUISE

Sixty years ago—1837—the Convent annalist recorded an event which was already the talk of the city and of the world. It was the accession of the daughter of the Duke of Kent, the youthful Victoria, to the throne of Great Britain. She has noted the oath of allegiance taken at the Château St. Louis by the Governor and the officers, civil and military, the proclamation read by the sheriff and received with shouts of joy by the troops and the people, while the voice of the cannon and repeated discharges of artillery, announced the glad event to be published throughout this great section of the young Queen's vast empire.

To-day—1897—we rejoice to inscribe the celebration of the 60th anniversary of that coronation, the glorious and

longest reign in that long line of ancestry, since William the Conqueror asserted at the point of the sword his right to the crown of England.

Reminded by the circumstance, we scan the other pages of the annals for a record of the visits with which the Ursuline Convent has been honored by the different members of the royal family. More than a century ago—it was in 1787—Prince William Henry, at the age of twenty-two, visited Canada, and then for the first time the Convent welcomed a scion of the House of Brunswick, who appeared "most affable and gracious *although a sailor.*" Four years later—1791—prince Edward, Duke of Kent, our present gracious Queen's father, was in the country, and having requested to be allowed to witness the ceremony of a nun's profession, our Mothers assigned him, with the curé of Quebec and the officers of his suite, a place of honor within the interior chapel.

After Mass, Bishop Briand, who had officiated at the altar, accompanied the prince and his suite through the cloistered part of the monastery. At the Superior's room the company were treated to refreshments to which they did honor, and observing that some fancy articles in bark-work were for sale, the Prince made a purchase for which, an hour later, he sent payment far exceeding the value.

The other princes of the royal family who have since visited Canada have not failed to avail themselves of the prerogatives of their rank, to cross the threshold of that privileged sanctuary from which ordinary visitors are rigidly excluded.

In 1860, the Queen's eldest son, Edward Albert, Prince of Wales, visited Canada. A brilliant public reception by the

Governor and all the civil and military authorities of the city was tendered the heir apparent to the throne of England.

A few days later, a no less loyal demonstration was offered to the young Prince by the pupils of the Ursulines, in the name of all the inmates of the monastery. On this occasion His Royal Highness, attended by the Duke of Newcastle, his preceptor, by the Governor General Sir Edmund Head, the Bishops of Quebec, Montreal and Kingston, with other dignitaries of Church and state, besides gentleman and ladies to the number of about one hundred and fifty, was received at the conventual door by the Superior, Mother St. Gabriel, and the nuns, the introductions being made by the Vicar General Father Cazeau, the indefatigable *cicerone* at that time on all similar occasions in Quebec.

The preparations for this unique reception, the elaborate decorations of the hall and the throne, the choice of the music, the address, the presentation of bouquets of flowers, everything had been attended to with a zeal proportionate to the occasion.

The Prince, who had remained standing while Miss Loretta Stuart, the Hon. Judge Stuart's daughter, delivered the address, responded by reading in a clear voice an appropriate answer, receiving the paper from his preceptor.

The visit of the monastery, in its different departments, detained the company a couple of hours, the Prince manifesting as much interest in observing the plain apartments, the bare floors, the simply furnished cells of the nuns, as one of us might have felt in visiting the apartments of Windsor castle.

In 1869, due honors were tendered to Prince Arthur, Duke of Connaught, who visited the establishment, and ten years

later in 1879, to Princess Louise whose consort, the Marquis of Lorne, had been appointed Governor General of the Dominion of Canada.

Of this visit the *Morning Chronicle* published an account from which we select a few paragraphs.

"Soon after their arrival at the Citadel yesterday, June 6th, His Excellency and Her Royal Highness apparently, determined to maintain the traditional favor with which the Ursuline Convent has ever been regarded by the representatives of the Crown in Canada, both under French and British *régime*, lost no time in intimating their intention of visiting within its historic walls. Yesterday, then, precisely at three o'clock, the Vice-royal party drove up to the main entrance on Donacona street. His Excellency and Her Royal Highness were received at the outer gate by His Grace Archbishop Taschereau, Monsignor Cazeau, V. G., Rev. G. L. Lemoine, Chaplain of the monastery, and others.

" A cordial greeting took place and the visitors were conducted into the portico, where several distinguished citizens and ladies were presented. At the conventual door His Excellency and Her Royal Highness shook hands with Mother St. Catherine, the Lady Superior, and all were admitted within the precincts of the cloister, the nuns being placed on either side of the corridor to join the party on the way to the reception-hall.

" Entering the hall on the north end, Her Royal Highness and His Excellency were led to a raised dais, handsomely carpeted, and surmounted by a canopy of scarlet velvet, looped up with massive gold cord and tassels, and provided with chairs for their use and that of the Archbishop, a grand march being played during their entry on harps and pianos. On the southern wall was a beautiful embellished screen, bearing

in the centre the letters "V. R." and on either side "His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, 1860" and "Prince Arthur, 1869." All around was handsomely decorated in evergreens looped up with gold lace and tassels, the walls being hung with drawings and paintings, the work of the pupils during the past year. All around the hall were arranged on steps rising in amphitheatre the pupils of the institution; the boarders and half-boarders in spotless white, the young ladies of the Normal School, who occupied the highest step next the walls, were dressed in black; while the *Religieuses*, as well as the visitors, occupied the space on either side of the throne. In front, in the body of the hall, were placed the musical instruments, surrounded by the choir of youthful musicians. His Excellency, Her Royal Highness and the company being seated, the Ode of Welcome was sung, to piano, harp, harmonium and guitar accompaniment, the solos being given by Mesdemoiselles Maria Maguire and Esther Boisvert, and 'tis pleasing to have to say that both young ladies acquitted themselves in a manner highly creditable both to themselves and the venerable institution of which they are such worthy *élèves*."

ODE OF WELCOME AND ADDRESS

Oh! welcome guests! Thrice welcome!
Our hearts and Cloister-Home
Exult and bound with gladness;
The day so long invoked hath come.
Lo! 'tis bringing, round us flinging,
Rosy tints, like the morning's smile,
All hail! all hail! the merry peal is ringing.
O Princess, all hail!
May thy star never fail!
All hail, princely heir of Argyle!

Dulcet music stealing
From the fount of feeling
In the heart's recess,
Tells with what emotion,
Loyal, pure devotion,
We your presence bless.

High the festive banners wave,
Welcome the brave!
While around merrily sings,
Jubilant sings:
Long life, O Rulers dear!
All serene glow the sky
Above your pathway clear.
High, ye festive banners wave!
Long may Heaven our Rulers save:
Him of Ducal House the glory,
Her of Race renowned in story.

Here Miss Ida Neilson advanced and delivered the following address:—

May it please Your Excellency,

Not for discourse could wait our jubilee,
But, gushing, came the voice of melody
For this high welcoming.
My Lord, the tide
Of joy that rolls its bright waves o'er the wide
And varied spread of this great Western Land
To greet your advent, is not at a stand.
All radiant mounts it o'er the castled height
Of Champlain's olden city. Now, how light
Leaps it over Cloister-walls,
Glancing, like sunshine, thro' our studious halls;
Thrilling our young hearts, stirring in our veins
The tuneful flood that flows in measured strains,
Our timid lyre, amid its chords untried,
Would welcome thee, O Princess! Albion's pride.
Welcome, O Ruler! of ancestral name
So high, on Caledonia's lists of fame.

Amid our people pleasant be your stay,
E'en as to us this most auspicious day.
Our people! none more loyal, thro' the zone
Of the vast Empire, stretching from the throne
Of great Victoria to the utmost sea,
Where floats the Red-Cross flag triumphantly.
And none there are, than ours mid all the throngs
Who've gathered round you, that with truer songs,
From warmer hearts, have sought to testify
Their admiration, for this token high
Of royal favor. Naught too dear is there
For her Canadian liegiancy. A fair
And cherished Flower, our Gracious Sovereign chose
From her own garland bright. This peerless Rose
Entwined a noble stem from Scotia's heights;
Both of the Queen and Court were the delights.
Now Canada calls *hers* these regal Flowers;
Joyful her people shout: "They're ours, they're ours!"
While over all the land the mellow joy-bells ring.
And loud, "Long live our Gracious Queen!" glad voices sing.
"Illustrious Guests," the honor here bestowed,
This visit friendly to our loved abode,
Shall be remembered e'er with deepest gratitude.
Oh! might the precious favor often be renewed!

THE ODE CONTINUED.

Sweeter notes now blending
Sing this condescending,
Sing the noble Lorne.
Softer strains acclaim Her,
Lighter accents name Her
Louise! the royal-born.
Princess! Ruler! Be your life
With all heavenly blessings rife.
Lo! we come, jubilant come,
And gather around.
Joy doth abound,
For our Guests on us smile,
Resting the while,

Here in our own convent-home.
Oh ! welcome, guests ! thrice welcome !
Our hearts and convent-home
Exult and bound with gladness ;
The day, the joyous day hath come !
Welcome thrice, beloved Rulers ;
Oh ! rest awhile in our dear Convent-home.

The address in French was delivered by Miss Braun with equal perfection of style. Miss O'Reilly then advanced and addressed the distinguished pair in English and French, showing a perfect mastery of both languages. She referred to the visits, from time immemorial, of French and English Governors to the Monastery, and also gave a sketch of the origin and history of the Normal School branch of the institution since its foundation twenty two years ago. Then thirteen little girls dressed in white and wearing wreaths, each carrying a beautiful bouquet in her hand, advanced to the foot of the throne accompanied by two young ladies, Misses Smith and Letellier, and a dialogue began, forming an acrostic on the names of "Lorne" and "Louise", in which the various flowers were described :

THE FOLLOWING WERE THE ACROSTICS.

L aurier toujours brillant, symbole de victoire,
O livier du Seigneur, doux emblême de paix ;
R omarin précieux, loyale est ta mémoire ;
N oyer puissant, splendide, ah ! présage sa gloire !
E rable aimé, grandis, et rappelle à jamais
Son nom et ses bienfaits !

L ilas si beau, si frais, grâce de nos printemps ;
O ranger, dont l'arôme embaume la Puissance ;
U lmaire glorieuse, ah ! règne ici longtemps !
I ris, céleste Iris, annonce l'espérance ;
S tellaire, à la vertu tu donnes préséance ;
E glantier des beaux-arts, tes attraits sont charmants !

His Excellency addressed the young ladies as follows :

" I had to-day an opportunity of seeing two systems of defence, two of the bulwarks of this country ; because this morning I rode all over the Levis fortifications upon the other side of the river, and have also examined all the defences of the Citadel, together with the officers of the staff of the Militia here ; and this afternoon I have come here and I have found another series of defences which are for home defence, and which I think are quite as strong and much more likely to be useful, or, at all events, to be put to use, than those fortifications, either over your heads at the Citadel, or on the other side of the river, because I hope we shall never have any enemy advancing upon us from the South in our time. But here you have been taught to contend against folly and ignorance—enemies that are to be found everywhere,—and I must say that I have come to the conclusion that the home lines are the strongest, for in the Reverend Sisters of the Ursuline Convent there are engineers who can be trusted to hold any lines. The Princess and I thank you very much for all the trouble you have taken in the recitations and dialogues you have given. She has been much touched and pleased that the authorities of this Convent have remembered in such a pleasing manner the visits which her brothers, the Prince of Wales and Prince Arthur paid in former years.

" They have a very pleasant recollection of the visits which they paid here, and I do not much wonder. My own experience has been such that I am not surprised that each Governor General has been always anxious to come here, and has always knocked at the door and has never been refused admittance. (Laughter). And when he does enter, what does he see ? He sees a vast, well organized establish-

ment where harmony and order seem everywhere to prevail, and where everything seems to be conducted with that quiet and simplicity without which good work cannot be done. We cannot tell what result all this love and labour bestowed upon you will bring, but I believe you will do your best, young ladies here, to build up a God-fearing and loyal nation in Canada." (Applause).

The National Anthem was then sung and the distinguished guests with their suite were invited by Mother St. Catherine the Superior, to visit the building.

The *Morning Chronicle*, after following the visitors from the boarders, department and noticing the magnificent view afforded of the Laurentides and the surrounding country, the class-rooms, bright and airy, and the other more antique parts of the monastery, concludes by seeing them through the outer or public chapel, rich in its valuable paintings, its monument to the illustrious Montcalm. Then, "turning once more toward *the world*, the viceregal party were again met by the pupils who gave them a parting salute by singing "God Save the Queen." His Excellency and Her Royal Highness and party took their departure, after taking leave of the Rev. Mother Superior and the other *Religieuses*, and expressing the satisfaction they felt in their visit. The vast numbers who had assembled to witness their arrival and had patiently awaited their exit for over an hour and a half, gave them three hearty cheers as their carriage drove off."

CHAPTER XIV

MOTHER ST. MARY *née* ADELE CIMON

25TH SUPERIOR, 1874

To many of our readers Mother St. Mary requires no introduction; she has so recently disappeared from among us!

Born in 1830, of the worthy family that still resides in the picturesque village of Malbaie, Adèle Cimon, at the age of ten, was preparing for her First Communion among our pupils, under the careful spiritual direction of our Chaplain, Rev. Thomas Maguire.

That important act accomplished, the following years witnessed the rapid development of her rare talents, no less than her advancement in piety and in all the virtues that best adorn the youthful character. At sixteen she already aspired to the dignity of Spouse of Christ, by the choice of the hidden life of a religious; and neither the rosy dreams of her youthful imagination nor the powerful attractions of her pleasant home were sufficient to move her steadfast will to postpone the sacrifice. On the Feast of the Annunciation, 1848, the young candidate was admitted to the novitiate; in July she was clothed with the habit of the Order and obtained the beloved name of our Heavenly Queen, to be known henceforward as Sister St. Mary.

Her success as a teacher dated from her first appearance in that capacity in the class-room. The resolute dignity of her bearing, her perfect self-command, the evident pleasure with which she sought their improvement, impressed her pupils with a due regard for her authority and a high esteem for her qualifications.

From year to year our good Sister's advancement in the various branches of learning as well as in the virtues of the religious state, rendered her services ever more available and precious to her community. Her facile pen was ready for every occasion, were the subjects to be treated serious or gay, in prose or in verse, while her willingness to be of service seemed to render every thing easy to accomplish. Charged with the teaching of French Literature, and General History as well as Religious Instruction, her aim was to impress upon the youthful mind the lessons of wisdom and piety, rather than to excite excessive admiration for the exploits of war or the productions of genius.

During the several years that Mother St. Mary was directress of the senior division of boarders, her influence in forming their character laid the foundation of solid happiness for many a family throughout the Dominion of Canada and beyond. Her part in the publication of the History of the Monastery has already been noticed. Yet neither for these labors nor for the numerous services she rendered in the Institute, is her community under so many obligations as for the indefatigable zeal with which she devoted her energies to forward the Cause of the Beatification of our Venerable Mother. The cogency of argument in her long defence of the heroic virtues of the servant of God, did not escape remark before the learned members of the Commission. Great admiration for the "Theresa of Canada," and unbounded confidence in her intercession were among the earliest impressions of her infancy; the same assurance of her protection continued to nourish her piety to the latest hour of her life.

The votes of the Community in 1872 called Mother St. Mary to the administration as Superior.

It was again "the right person at the right time." Young and in perfect health, full of energy, the long deferred project of extensive repairs and building was not an enterprise to alarm her.

Plans were made out, and soon the site of a new-building of large dimensions was marked off from the north east angle of the block formed by the old buildings; a pendant to the wing added to the west angle in 1858. This new extension rears its massive walls to a height of four stories from the basement, affording a spacious novitiate, dormitories and other apartments chiefly occupied by the novices.

When this undertaking had been accomplished, the reconstruction of the old buildings along Parlor Street required the demolishing of walls more than 200 years old, in order to obtain broader foundations.

It was an animated and busy scene all summer, while the masons were at work, followed by the necessary staff of carpenters, plumbers and painters till in September the new building was in readiness for its various occupants. To the Normal School department were assigned several well-lighted apartments, dormitories. The space remaining afforded class-rooms, a new suite of parlors, and more suitable accommodations for the Chaplain's lodgings.

Other desirable repairs were undertaken in various parts of the old buildings, till the Monastery stood not only much enlarged, but in a great measure renovated.

Mother St. Mary was next appointed to the office of Mistress General of the boarders, and subsequently to that of Assistant Superior, in which employ she was destined to close, all too soon, her meritorious and useful career.

Neither the multiplicity of affairs with which our good Mother was often charged, nor the difficulties which some-

times threatened to retard their accomplishment, sufficed to depress her spirit or ruffle her serenity.

Ever accessible, and considerate for others, she bore sweetly the burden of authority, as if in preparation for the burden of the cross which awaited her at the meridian of her days. Healthy in appearance, and first at every observance imposed by the rule, no one knew that an insidious sickness was poisoning the life-spring of her existence. As in most cases of the kind, the cancerous nature of her malady was only discovered when already beyond the reach of remedy. But it could be borne for the love of Jesus and be rendered highly meritorious by resignation and patience. Thus did our beloved Mother sanctify the long hours of those three long years of gradual decay, devoting whatever remained of her strength and life to prayer and such labors as could benefit her community.

The young sisters, to whose studies she lent the light of her long experience, have not forgotten the lessons so cheerfully imparted during the decline of that devoted teacher. Nor has the Monastery ceased to admire the persistent energy which enabled the trembling hand of an invalid to aid in correcting the second edition of the first volume of the History of the Ursulines a legacy, as it were, of her love for the Venerable Mother and her community.

The day of her release dawned on the 19th of October, 1886, before she had completed her fifty-sixth year.

May her dear soul rest forever in the bosom of Him she so ardently loved, and so generously served!

CHAPTER XV

SUPERIORS FROM 1875 TO 1889

MOTHER ST. GEORGE AND MOTHER ST. CATHERINE

At the close of this half century, from 1839 to 1889, two Superiors, Mother St. George Van Felson, and Mother St. Catherine Tims, were alternately charged with the government of the community, as had been Mother St. Gabriel and Mother St. Andrew at its commencement.

Companions in their later school-days, sister-novices and colleagues in the offices of superior and depositary, their companionship hardly ceased with life, their death occurring at the same date, the 16th of August, the one in 1892, the other in 1894. Their graves in the lowly garden cemetery, which first received dear Mother Saint Catherine's loved remains, are only separated by a few feet of earth.

Mother St. George, known in the world as Miss Georgina Van Felson, was the youngest daughter of the late Hon. Judge Van Felson, whose handsome residence was on St. Louis Street, bordering on the convent-grounds. Georgina, as well as her three older sisters, was a pupil in our half-boarders' department from her early childhood. In the family circle, that little one, with bright expressive eyes and round rosy face, was seldom called by her baptismal name. Her womanly ways, her frequent offers of service and protection had won for her the pet name of *la mère*.

At school, her proficiency in her studies was remarkable, while in drawing and painting she excelled. At home her quiet disposition was remarked as very peculiar; the amusements usually so enticing to young people in society had no attractions for our future Ursuline. While her sisters were

receiving company, and gay music filled the halls of the paternal mansion, Georgina, at the age of seventeen, would have been found in some distant apartment, or seated on the solitary steps of the winding stairway, with her netting or embroidery in hand, or perchance, her beads and prayer-book. Thus it could not have been a surprise to the family circle, when the young girl solicited the permission of her parents to offer herself as a candidate for the life of an Ursuline in the neighboring monastery.

Meanwhile, as her father's secretary this favorite daughter had often been employed in copying the letters written in his office, or in writing under his dictation, thus forming herself to the style of business and the elegant permanship of which later she availed herself so advantageously as circumstances required.

From the day of her profession in 1846, to that of her return to the novitiate as mistress of novices, in 1866, Mother St. George was afforded ample opportunity for the exercise of the fourth vow of an Ursuline, her attainments rendering her competent to take charge of any class that might be confided to her, while her happy talent for imparting instruction never failed to interest her pupils and captivate their attention.

We, who have labored by her side, living under the same roof from the time of her entering the convent to the day of her departure for a better home, can bear witness to her solid piety, her devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, and her ardor for Holy Communion, as well as to her solicitude in acquiring the virtues of a true religious. Exact in the observance of the rules of the monastery, she was not less vigilant as Superior, to prevent the decay of the primitive spirit and to promote the welfare of all who were confided to her care. Sincerely devoted to her community and

economical of her time, her skilful fingers were ever busily occupied, and often had her work-basket to be replenished with the linen fabric which she fashioned so deftly and so rapidly. When busy at her easel, often would the younger sisters gather around to admire the progress of her painting, or they would watch her palette of water colors at the social hour, when without interruption to the flow of conversation, wreaths of flowers would blossom from her magic pencil, or sacred emblems unfold upon the church vestments which it was her delight to ornament.

Even when charged with the government of the community, or occupied with the cares of providing for the house as depositary, the young artists were ever free to present their work to her esthetic taste for approbation or remark. On such occasions it was not rare that a finishing stroke, a relieving shade, or a fleecy cloud floating over the waiting landscape, would elucidate at once and enforce the suggested improvement.

At the close of her second triennial term of superiority in 1890, her enfeebled health had not permitted the community to charge her with any office, but they were happy to see that her long experience would still be made available among the councillors. In illness as in health, her habits of industry prevailed over her need of repose, and the work-basket as well as the escritoire followed her to the infirmary. She could still write with steady hand, and her last neat stitches on the nuns' linens might serve as a model of sewing as well as an example of the useful employment of every moment of time.

The gradual decline, destined to end in death, was not attended by any violent pain or suffering, but as the midsummer passed, it became evident that the end was drawing near.

The immediate preparations were made in peace; the attenuated thread of life broke without a struggle, setting free the captive soul which only longed to be at rest henceforth, in that eternity where God is all n all.

It was the feast of the Assumption, August 16th, 1894; Mother St. George had attained the seventieth year of her age.

Around the lifeless form the sisterhood gathered in mourning, yet while they gazed on that placid countenance, transformed and beautified by the Angel of Death, they found themselves comforted by the assurance of the eternal happiness of their departed Mother.

MOTHER ST. CATHERINE, *née* ELIZA TIMS

The highly respectable family to which our future Ursuline belonged was originally from Oldcastle, county of Meath (Ireland). In 1834, they came to Canada and settled in Quebec. Eliza, the third daughter, was but seven years old when she beheld for the last time the green fields of Erin; yet even at that tender age pictures of her beloved home and its surroundings, were indelibly engraven on her young imagination, and in after years were ever recalled with pleasing emotions.

Entering the convent as half-boarder at sixteen, she was already prepared to join an advanced class and to relish the studies in the higher branches of education. Generous and warm hearted, she had also the quickness of repartee as well as of temper, which seem to be the natural inheritance of the children of the Emerald Isle. Let us relate how the latter served, at a critical moment, to turn the tide of her life, and direct her to the peaceful harbor of the religious state.

A rather severe reproof for absence from school had provoked the young girl to the rash decision to return no more to the convent. One of her teachers hearing this, and powerless to persuade her to change her mind, besought her to go to the chapel and pray a few moments, adding: "Ask Our Blessed Lord to guide you. Who knows what grace He may have in store for you." Many years later, that teacher learned how fruitful had been the word of caution and the silent visit to the Blessed Sacrament. There for the first time had arisen before the mind of the young girl, the great problem of life: "What does God demand of me? Has He destined me to serve Him in the world or in the religious state?"

The secret impulsions of grace were not left unheeded; at the age of eighteen, Miss Eliza Tims had taken her place among the novices, under the gentle guidance of Mother Ste. Marie de la Ferrière, and on the 26th of November, 1844, she was clothed in the habit of the Order, under the name of Sister St. Catherine.

But her vocation was to be tested by a severe trial. In the spring of 1846, as the time of her profession drew near, her health became so impaired that the community, seriously alarmed, decided to suspend the exercises of the novitiate for the beloved novice, allowing her to return to her family, with the assurance of resuming them as soon as her recovered strength would permit.

No pains were spared by the dear relatives to render that home more than ever pleasant and attractive, and gladly would they have prolonged the reunion thus effected; but Eliza's heart was in her convent-home; and happy was that 24th of June, 1846, when she was enabled to rejoin her beloved companions in the novitiate. Her preparations for

holy profession were prolonged till the 24th of June, 1847, a whole year, according to our constitutions.

Few have been more affectionately and universally beloved than Mother St. Catherine; in the more immediate circle of the sisterhood where her amiable qualities were best known, there also were they best appreciated. The ready wit and acumen of the Irish character, joined to a solid judgment and rare abilities, rendered her society as delightful as her services were beneficial. At the hour of recreation her presence, like a cheering ray of sunshine, was ever welcome. With her talent for narration the most ordinary occurrence would interest the hearer as much as a more important event, and a trifling anecdote, depicted with the lights and shades of her vivid imagination, never failed to entertain agreeably.

Recalling to mind these by-gone hours, we behold again that cheerful countenance, we hear the gleeful laugh that called for answering mirth, the pleasant voice that soothed while it exhilarated; we feel the influence of that graceful charity, that religious spirit, which stamped her features and regulated all her demeanor as of one whom all might seek to resemble.

Many are the former pupils, now perhaps mothers of families or fervent religious in convents, who remember with love and gratitude dear Mother St. Catherine, their teacher or their directress. Another circle of acquaintances and friends was formed while she was engaged in the office of depositary, or that of superior, and these have not forgotten the gentle nun, as intelligent of business as she was edifying in her conversation, whom to know was to esteem and admire.

Called to govern the community during two consecutive terms, from 1878 to 1884, the important enterprise of the foundation of the Convents of Roberval on Lake St. John and of Stanstead fell to her share. The responsibility of the undertaking was fully realized, but she had recourse to prayer, and placing all her confidence in God, she felt His hand guiding her and conducting all securely.

A careful selection of the subjects who were destined to the foundation of Roberval, and a prudent attention to provide for its temporal security, have thus far ensured its prosperity and won for it the confidence of all ranks of society.

Another foundation having been demanded by the Bishop of Sherbrooke, Right Rev. A. Racine, the preliminaries had been settled and every thing provided for, except the nomination of the foundresses, before the expiration of Mother St. Catherine's second term of office (1884).

These two branch-houses were destined to enjoy the beneficial influence of our good Mother's watchful care, her counsel and her prayers, even after she had ceased to fill the office of superior. During the following six years, as depositary, she had frequent occasions of rendering them service. To crown all her benefits, in 1890, she consented to her appointment as superior of the little community of Stanstead, thus bequeathing herself to her dear missionary daughters, and giving them the most undeniable proof of her affection and devotedness.

In the space of a few months, however, it became evident that the sacrifice she had made in retiring from the mother-house had filled the measure of her merits and obligations. Her declining health required her immediate return to her community, where the most tender and assiduous care surrounded her to the close of her long and painful illness.

Her well earned crown acquired thus its brightest gems by the long and patient endurance of physical suffering.

If at all times the amiability, the ever ready flashes of Irish wit, the tender piety, the truly religious spirit of our beloved Mother St. Catherine had rendered her company edifying and delightful, the same lovely qualities exhibited in the sick chamber excited reverence and admiration.

On the 16th of August, 1892, the summons came for a speedy departure, speedy and unexpected at that precise moment, yet long foreseen and abundantly provided for by the reception of the sacraments and frequent recourse to the prayers for the dying.

Is it not a merciful dispensation when, all being ready, the parting scene is abridged?

"May her dear soul rest in peace!—and it surely does"—was the silent ejaculation of each tearful mourner as we laid her to rest, August 16th, the first to break the green sward in our newly enclosed cemetery where

> "When we think of all her winning ways
> We almost wish there had been less to praise."

CHAPTER XVI

1882-1884

CONVENTS AT ROBERVAL AND STANSTEAD

An Ursuline Convent, as described by our Rules and Constitutions, is an establishment complete in itself. It has started, perhaps, from a small beginning; but when fully equipped it is an independent institution, admirable in its

organization, truly efficient and prepared for its twofold object: the sanctification of each individual member by the exercises of the religious life, and the promotion of the welfare of society by the education of young girls according to the principles of true Christianity.

In a cloistered convent each member is assured of a permanent home with the Sisters of her choice; a condition which to her seems essential to her content and happiness; while there are congregations otherwise organized which seem more attractive to souls of a different cast. Thus is accomplished that beautiful "unity and variety", which is characteristic of the work of the Holy Ghost in the Catholic Church.

Founding an Ursuline Convent is not simply opening a school, or providing an academy where young girls may obtain a medal or a diploma. There must be the prospect of a house, where souls consecrated to God can carry out the provisions of their rule, and the observances of religious life, while devoting themselves to the arduous work which distinguishes their Order.

For these reasons, and from ever awaiting the manifestation of the will of God, the foundations from the Ursuline Convent of Quebec have been few. The first, that of Three Rivers, has celebrated the 200th anniversary of its existence this year, 1897. Founded by Monseigneur de St. Valier, and governed during thirty years by Superiors from the mother-house, it has its own edifying and interesting history, published within a few years past. It has also its recent foundations in the State of Maine.

Many times and from various quarters the Ursulines of Quebec had been solicited to detach a branch from the vigorous old tree planted here two hundred and fifty years ago by the Ven. Mother Mary of the Incarnation.

Our Mothers and their ecclesiastical Superiors had not found any one of the proposed foundations really opportune, or uniting all the requisite conditions to ensure its stability and success, until a recent date, when circumstances peculiar and providential seemed to manifest clearly the will of God. At the same time it was a patriotic enterprise. The fertile region around Lake St. John and some other parts of the Province being rapidly colonized, the evil of emigration, had diminished which at one time threatened to depopulate the banks of the St. Lawrence. Along the Saguenay, and especially along the fertile shores of that lake which has given its name to the whole region around it, Catholics had settled, and the population was on the increase, but destitute of institutions for religious education, beyond the common parish schools. There also was the Indian Reservation, and possibly an opportunity to benefit these ever wayward children of the forest. Was it not a repetition of the conditions which had brought the first Ursulines to New France in 1639 ?

Concurring with these inducements were other favorable circumstances : a numerous and well appointed novitiate, the prosperous state of our convent finances, the approval of ecclesiastical authorities, withheld on many other occasions, and, the unanimous consent of the community, wherein the ardor of enthusiasm was not wanting to fan the flame and draw down the blessing of God, without which no good work can properly be commenced or be continued.

The project of a railroad which would shorten the distance between Quebec and Lake St. John had long been agitated and would soon become a reality.

The new bishop of Chicoutimi, Rt. Rev. Dominique Racine, on the 18th of February, 1881, with the approbation of His Grace the Archbishop of Quebec, proffered a formal demand

for the foundation of an Ursuline convent. The project met the approval of the community; a convent should be founded. This required a journey to the Lake, to select the site of the future convent, and to decide upon the plan of its construction. That journey was then far from being the pleasant trip which the railroad has made it. The departure was fixed for the 24th of May, when Mother St. Catherine Tims, Superior, Mother St. George Vanfelson, Depositary, and Mother St. Mary Cimon, Mistress-general, issued from the cloister, accompanied by Mrs. E. Gagnon, a sister of Mother St. Mary. The early morning ho ir did not prevent the party from being the object of an amicable demonstration, wherein former pupils, friends and relatives vied with each other in manifesting their affection and their delight at this opportunity of presenting their kindest greetings.

We need not follow the travellers to the Lower Town where they met with an ovation which threatened to prevent them from reaching the steamboat in time to embark, nor ask what were their impressions as they sailed down the St. Lawrence, whose dark waters and pleasant borders they had seen before, but had never expected to see again. They noticed more especially the points which they had formerly visited, St. Paul's Bay, the Eboulements, so descriptive of its name, Malbaie, the native parish of one of the travellers, where loveliness and grandeur unite their attractions. Passing from the broad expanse of the St. Lawrence to the black waters of the Saguenay, and remembering that in the olden times our first Mothers halted here at Tadoussac, they continue their voyage between stern and threatening cliffs till the steamboat whistle warns them that the wharf is near. Chicoutimi, the pride of the Saguenay river, is reached in time to hear mass, in the Bishop's church, on Ascension

day. The rest of the journey, some ninety miles, must be performed by land in primitive vehicles, suited to a rough road through a wild and hilly country. Our travellers enjoyed the aspect of the growing parishes, St. Dominique, Hébertville, St. Jerome, Pointe aux Trembles, and finally reached their destination. Here arches and banners saluted their arrival with the inscriptions; " A thousand times welcome." "Blessed are ye who come in the name of the Lord".

In a few days the choice had been made of a property at Roberval and the purchase concluded. The return to Chicoutimi coinciding with the Feast of Pentecost, the nuns had the advantage of assisting again at the Pontifical mass, celebrated by Bishop Racine, who greatly rejoiced at seeing this fair commencement of the realization of his plans.

The " welcome home "at the Old Monastery was naturally most joyous.

Meanwhile, the dwelling-house purchased with the property was fitted up to serve as a temporary convent. Four of the Sisters named for the foundation repaired to Roberval to prepare for the ceremony of the installation, which was to take place in August.

Already the Superior of the new community had been named; it was Mother St. Raphaël, *née* Gagné: Mother St. Henry Dion was named assistant, Mother St. François de Paule Gosselin, depositary. The other foundresses were Sister Mary of the Nativity Létourneau, Sister St. Alexander Poitras, with two lay sisters, St. Joachim and St. Vincent.

All were on the spot in readiness for their future labors, when on the 1st of August, 1882, in presence of Mother St. Catherine and Mother St. Joseph, the ceremony of the installation took place. The sky, as it should be on such an occasion, was unflecked by a cloud; the lake spread out like

a mirror was unruffled, save where the picturesque Indian canoe rippled its glassy surface. All around the Convent and along the road leading to it, a fresh young grove of fir-trees had risen as if by magic, with banner-crested arches at various distances and mottoes telling of joy and good wishes.

At an early hour the Bishop of Chicoutimi who to-day witnessed the fulfilment of his ardent wishes, sang high Mass in the village-church surounded by a numerous clergy, the nuns being present. The good pastor, Rev. Jos. Lizotte, to whose zeal the Convent would ever be so much indebted, read the pastoral letter approving the foundation. A sermon worthy of the occasion was delivered by Very Rev. B. Leclerc, V. G., pastor of Hébertville. After Mass, the blessing of a bell, the generous donation of a pious lady, Mrs. Wm. Murray, of Toronto, one of the benefactresses of the Convent, gave occasion for many generous hands, and among them some of the Indian race, to offer their gifts. Dinner, prepared by the ladies of Roberval, is served by them to the clergy at the Convent.

The final ceremony commenced at 3 o'clock P. M. Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the village-church after which, in procession, the people, the nuns and the clergy proceed to the convent. When the new cloister is blessed, the prelate addresses a few touching words to the nuns who stand near him surrounded by the crowd, and invites them to take possession of their chosen habitation. Kneeling for his blessing, the Mother Superior receives the key from his hand, and joyfully followed by all the Sisters, disappears within the sacred precincts, which are henceforth a barrier between them and the outside world. From the adjoining chapel, now filled by the clergy, the bishop entones the hymn

of thanksgiving, the *Te Deum*, which is responded to with joyful hearts by the little band who feel strengthened for the labors that await them.

Meanwhile the bell already suspended aloft in the new belfry awakens the echoes along the lake shore with its first joyous vibrations.

Thus was the young colony safely started, comfortably sheltered, its wants provided for, and its future success prepared. If at a later period a terrible and unforeseen disaster is sent them by divine Providence, it will be met with firmness and resignation. The difficulties and privations which had been wanting in the beginning, will now serve to manifest the solidity of the religious formation, and assure the durability of a work, which to be lasting, must be founded upon the cross.

But let us not anticipate upon a distressing page of history. Here we narrate the events of the foundation, not those of January 6th, 1897, which have rendered a restoration necessary.

In gratitude to divine Providence, however, let it be recorded that the convent at Roberval has fully answered the expectations of all who contributed to its foundation. Its benefit to that section of Canada can hardly be over-estimated. From the beginning, its aim has been the welfare of the rising generation by a solid religious instruction, by forming them to habits of industry, thrift and economy, to usefulness and the social virtues which are the true basis of domestic happiness. In this view, the practical arts of an industrial school formed a part of their programme of teaching from the first opening of their classes.

The proximity of the Lake, which on the north forms the boundary of their cloister-grounds, affords the pupils an occasional sail upon its pellucid waters, if not for the rarer

sport of a venturesome angling for the Ouananiche. In the convent grounds already young plantations of forest trees give promise of goodly shade, and fruit-trees offer the succulent plum, cherry and apple, while tiny wild-flowers still assert their right to blossom by the side of their more brilliantly clad cultivated flowers in the convent garden.

The industrial school would require a long description. It is the pride of our legislators who have willingly endowed it and who have not been sparing in their praise of its management. Here the resident pupils of the convent-school, or others who desire to follow this practical course only, are initiated into the secrets of the kitchen, the bake-house, the laundry and dairy; here they may learn to spin and weave, to fabricate their own clothing or that of their household, to knit or sew in all the varieties which taste and leisure, as well as utility and economy, may suggest.

The growing prosperity of the community will be sufficiently indicated by the mention of a new stone edifice of large dimensions added to their temporary convent in 1885; of successive additions to their number by the reception of novices, till they were sufficiently numerous for all the offices and even for a separate novitiate (1889). The same year a regular *Bill of Incorporation*, obtained from the legislature, has authorized them to govern their temporal affairs as an independent institution.

URSULINE CONVENT OF THE SACRED HEART, STANSTEAD

The southern borders of Canada, where they meet the Green Mountain State and New Hampshire, received their first settlements in the trying times of the American Revolution. Then, had each one to choose between the Old Flag of England, or the Stars and Stripes just unfurled in the

colonies, and not a few loyalists passed the "Lines" and "hewed out for themselves new homes in the Canadian wilderness."

All along the frontier, as Dr, Grant says, "the early Massachusetts pioneer transplanted to Canadian soil the old farm-life of New England origin nowhere more evident than at Stanstead."

The first opening in the magnificent forest which in 1796 still covered the plain where now reposes the neat village of Stanstead, was made by the sturdy axe of one of these New England farmers, in search of a new home for himself, his wife and two children.

The rustic dwelling of Johnson Taplin was ere long replaced by a more comfortable mansion, and surrounded by the clustering houses of many neighbors of the same New England origin.

To-day that elevated site in the centre of the plateau a mile square which constitutes Stanstead Plain, is occupied by a handsome Catholic church, dedicated to the Sacred Heart. Lovely villas, comfortable residences, varying in style and dimensions with the taste or means of the owners, succeed each other behind a canopy of spreading maple trees, along the principal street of this Pearl of the Eastern Townships. The population, less than formerly at the present date, is stated to be 580 souls, among whom and in the environs of the village are fifteen Catholic families.

In 1874 this section of the Province of Quebec, including the counties of Sherbrooke, Compton, Richmond, and Stanstead, was formed into a new diocese, the see being fixed at Sherbrooke. The first Bishop, Rt. Rev. Antoine Racine, soon had his seminary, under the patronage of St. Charles Borromeo, an academy for boys, and some other religious institutions. In 1883 the Bishop of Chicoutimi, Rt Rev.

Dominique Racine had obtained the promise of an Ursuline convent for his diocese. Why should not Bishop Antoine Racine be equally successful?

The locality selected for the future foundation in the diocese of Sherbrooke, was Stanstead. There, at a distance from the convents already established, were numerous families, mostly Catholics of French origin, destitute of schools in which their children could obtain the needful instruction in the tenets and practices of their religion.

The situation of Stanstead, besides, promised a wide field of usefulness. By railway communication, pupils might reach the convent from the neighboring towns, as well as from the American cities which annually send many young girls to study in Canada. In the flourishing village of the Plains there were doubtless many thoughtful matrons who would rejoice to confide their daughters to the nuns, whose influence in forming the character of their youthful charge as well as in refining their minds and manners is well known. Beyond the frontier, in the pretty hamlets and villages along the Connecticut, and all through Vermont and New Hampshire, there are bevies of young girls belonging to Catholic parents, who, without coming as far north as Quebec, would be happy to find an Ursuline convent ready to initiate them to the same course as is pursued in the mother-house.

With these considerations in view it was decided that Bishop Antoine Racine's request should be granted. A suitable tract of land, at a convenient distance from the village proper, was secured, and the handsome building destined to serve as a convent erected under the kind and able inspection of good Father Michael McAuley, who contributed generously of his own funds towards defraying the expense of the foundation.

The journeys required on such an occasion were more pleasing than those that had been undertaken in the direction of Lake St. John. At one time the route chosen enabled Mother St. Catherine and Mother St. George to pass a day in the Ursuline Convent of Three Rivers, where it would be difficult to say which were the happier, the visitors or the visited.

The Sisters named for the foundation were as follows:

Mother Dion of Ste. Eulalie, Superior;

" McDonald of the Sacred Heart, Assistant;

" Mary Létourneau of the Conception, Depositary.

The other members of the community were: Sisters Roy, Marie des Anges; Murray, Mary of the Purification; Coupal of Ste. Euphémie, Lindsay of St. Agatha, and two lay-Sisters, Ste. Luce and St. Roch.

The elections in August (1884) having appointed Mother St. George Superior, and Mother St. Catherine Depositary, the latter was commissioned to proceed to Stanstead with a part of the little colony, in order to complete the preparations for opening the new convent on the 18th of August.

On the eve, an illumination transformed the pretty village into a fairy land, the entire population taking part in the rejoicings.

On the following morning, it being the solemnity of the Feast of the Assumption, High Mass was celebrated in the Parish church, by the most Reverend T. Hamel, V. G. rector of Laval University. An appropriate sermon was delivered by Very Reverend A. E. Dufresne, V. G., of Sherbrooke, in presence of Right Reverend L. Z. Moreau, Bishop of St. Hyacinth, and of some twelve or fifteen clergymen from the colleges and parishes in the vicinity as well of as the nuns. After mass an imposing procession was seen winding its way

from the parish church to the new convent, while the chant of the *Magnificat* and the *Ave Maris Stella*, resounding there for the first time perchance, awoke the echoes around with Mary's song and Mary's praise. The blessing of the convent, and the solemn blessing of the people from the convent-balcony with the uplifted ostensory by the Bishop of St. Hyacinth, closed the morning ceremony of the installation.

Dinner, prepared and gracefully served by the ladies of Stanstead, refreshed the goodly company before they dispersed, leaving the nuns grateful to God for this auspicious beginning, and grateful also to all who had shown so much cordiality and good will on this occasion.

At six o'clock P. M. the keys of the conventual door are in the hands of Mother Superior; the little family are now mistresses of the situation, freed from the importunities and useless interruptions of idle visits, while ready to welcome all who on business or on other useful errands would ring the convent door-bell.

Already there was sufficient work before them in organizing a comfortable abode for themselves and their expected pupils, setting school-room furniture in place, preparing the sleeping apartments, kitchen, refectory and chapel, buying provisions, and returning thanks for the kind attention of their neighbors, who for many days kept them supplied with choice viands ready for the table without further application of the culinary art.

The school opened on the first of September with a fair number of pupils: it has continued these fifteen years to enjoy the confidence of the public, drawing away pupils, at times, from the Stanstead female college, its rival, and even some few from the mother-house in Quebec.

The convent of the Sacred Heart at Stanstead, after being under the direction of its first Superior six years has since been governed by Mother Mary of the Conception, with Mother St. Aloysius as her Assistant, and Mother Ste Eulalie as Depositary. It has increased its dimensions by a second building, while its grounds planted during the first years with trees for fruit and shade are improving yearly in loveliness as well as in usefulness. Other members have been added to their original number from the mother-house, and novices formed by themselves to the religious life have made profession.

There would be much to say of the natural features of this region, where the Green Hills of Vermont and the more distant White Mountains of New Hampshire skirt the horizon in one direction, while level plains intersected by winding streams, and rounded hills crowned with forest trees, vary the scenery in another; of the salubrity of the climate, the bracing air, ever in motion over these heights of land which separate the streams destined to bear their tribute to the distant St. Lawrence, from those that form the origin of the lovely Connecticut, flowing south to the Atlantic Ocean.

But let us remark the nearer environs of the new convent, and we shall admire the modest stateliness of this home of the Ursulines, embosomed in verdure and surmounted by its graceful spire,

> Around which the swallows chirp
> And robins sing at early morn,

pointing heavenwards as if to remind us of the chief aim of our existence; the ever growing attractions around in orchard, grove, garden and avenue, all perfumed with the breath of flowers; the extensive lawn " carpeted so green and sweet ",

ending only at the precipitous edge of the little rivulet, the Tomfobia, which serves as a cloister-barrier on that side. These are the principal features of this peaceful and happy retreat, where science and religion, ever advancing hand in hand, shall shed a beneficent influence over all the vicinity, and far beyond the local horizon which sets a limit to our vision, but not to our wishes for the future usefulness and prosperity of this recent foundation, the Convent of the Sacred Heart.

CHAPTER XVII

VISITS OF ENGLISH GOVERNORS TO THE URSULINES DISTINGUISHED VISITORS

Our readers have already remarked that the pupils of the Convent are afforded opportunities which not unfrequently would have failed them in their own families, to approach very distinguished personages, to address them perhaps, and to listen to them discoursing untrammelled by the formalities of their official capacity. The visits of the representatives of our Gracious Sovereign especially, while they break the monotony of the school-routine, serve to awaken the attention of the pupils to the importance of many of their studies, while adding a page to history and a day to be recalled with pleasure in after years. Even the youngest of that group, selected perhaps to offer bouquets while they plead for a holiday, will be likely to associate with the pleasure they enjoyed, a name and a date which will be a land-mark on the fresh soil of memory.

Neither should the preparation for an entertainment or the occasional reception of visitors be deemed a loss of time,

when all things are properly ordained. Besides the formation of the manners of the pupils by enforcing the rules of etiquette and the usages of society, the attentive teacher will find these occasions an excellent test by which to know the disposition, the defects, or the virtues of her youthful charge, thereby to aid them in the difficult task of moulding their character.

But, returning from this digression, we may state it as a fact, that a visit to the Ursuline Convent has, from the earliest times, formed a part of the programme of Governors and other persons of high distinction when first entering the city of Champlain, the old Stadacona, now called Quebec, which for so many years was the capital of Canada.

We here recall to mind these distinguished visitors, omitting, however, in the receding vista the more distant figures, most amiable and courteous though they were. We can merely mention a Governor Bagot with Lady Bagot and their children, a Lord and Lady Elgin, so friendly in their visits or in presiding at a distribution of prizes; a Sir Edmund Head, a Lord and Lady Monck, the latter revisiting the Convent with her daughters several times, assisting on one occasion at a nun's profession, and making it a duty to come and take leave of her "Ursuline friends" on the eve of her departure for England.

The present chapter will give occasion to such of our readers as made the convent their home between the years 1868 and 1878, to revivify some pleasant pictures on memory's page by the mention of Lord and Lady Dufferin, whose first official visit they have not forgotten, nor perhaps the second, nor others, when they were accompanied by their family of lovely children.

At the last visit of the distinguished Governor the young lady appointed to speak for the community, after expressing "unfeigned regret for his departure, profound admiration for his merit and gratitude for the favor of this and former visits," added "the warmest good wishes for his safe return to his ancestral home, the ever undiminished prosperity of his future career in which", she prophetically declared, "new duties and new honors awaited to add new lustre to a name already so distinguished."

In answer His Excellency declared that he could not think of leaving Canada whithout spending a few moments under the venerable roof of the Ursulines, and bidding farewell to its inmates, paying many a graceful tribute to the institution, and dwelling in a manner which his own word and emphasis only would adequately render, upon "the self-sacrifice of the inmates of the cloister, and their generosity in giving up everything earthly for the training of the tender youth committed to their care."

At the moment of departure he took occasion to tell the Superior, Mother Elizabeth Tims of St. Catherine, herself a native of the Emerald Isle, that he would not have ventured to return to Ireland and have to tell his wife that he had neglected the promise he had made her a few weeks since—"that he would not leave Canada without bidding farewell to the Ursulines of Quebec." Thus closed the visit of Oct. 20th, 1878.

We have devoted a page to the official visit of the Marquis of Lorne (1879); but the Marquis preferred an informal visit, and with friends from Albion's Isle, just arrived in Quebec, more than once rang at the conventual door asking leave to show them the antiquities of the Old Monastery.

On one occasion the Governor's visit, coinciding with a religious profession, the relatives of the newly professed

being known to the viceregal party, were admitted with His Excellency and his suite as well as two American ladies, sisters of two of the nuns; and certainly of all the guests, they naturally considered themselves the most fortunate [1]. Nor is it forgotten in the Convent that, when in 1886 the Honorable G. Ouimet, visiting at the Exposition in London, met the Marquis and the Princess, "they spoke with interest of their friends in Canada, and sent kind messages to the Ursulines."

None of the Governors who have since been named to the high office have deviated from the programme adopted by their predecessors. Thus were received, in 1884, Lord and Lady Lansdowne, with little lady Bertie, seven years old; in 1888, Lord and Lady Stanley; in 1893, Lord Montgomery Moore and the amiable Lady Moore. Lord and Lady Aberdeen, with their interesting family, have likwise honored the Monastery by repeated friendly visits, official or informal, presiding at the distribution of prizes when the occasion has permitted, and in every way manifesting their high appreciation of the institution which Lord Dufferin had called "the eldest daughter of science in America".

If we have not been able to give a separate page to the receptions of our Lieutenant-Governors, we would at least not omit to mention their friendly readiness to make use of the prerogative of their dignity by visiting the cloister soon after their appointment to office. Our annals are equally faithful in recording the event, which is historical as well as social. Possibly it is more familiar, as the Governor's wife is likely to be a former pupil, already well known to

1—Mrs. William Baldwin of North Stratford, N. H. and Mrs. Seabrook of Washington, D. C.

the nuns and affectionately remembered, even as their own memory is faithfully kept in the sanctuary of her grateful heart.

How many other distinguished personages have visited the Monastery whose names, had leisure permitted, it would have been a pleasure to inscribe!

Ablegates and Papal Nuncios, missionary Bishops from Hong-Kong and Vancouver, Archbishops and Bishops from all the great cities of the United States, not to speak of our own beloved Cardinal, nor the Archbishops and Bishops of the Dominion, whose presence within our little cloistered-world is ever the signal of joyful demonstrations.

CHAPTER XVIII

CHILDREN OF MARY UNDER THE BANNER OF ST. URSULA

If it is glorious to bear "the heat and burden of the day" in the service of the best of Masters by a long life of labor and merit, is it not equally a blessed privilege, an inestimable grace, to win the crown of victory and receive the blessed reward at the very onset of the combat, without incurring the risks of the field or receiving the wounds that scar the warrior of many battles.

Thus have we mused, recalling to mind those beloved ones that have passed from our midst in the freshness of their youth, the fervor of their first sacrifice, accepted for its "odor of sweetness in the presence of the Lord." Their death may have seemed premature, the prospect of their usefulness in

the community, a failure to be deplored ; but faith has other standards by which to judge, and the verdict, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord", takes no account of years.

In the following notices of the Children of Mary who have become Ursulines, we shall confine ourselves to those who finished their course before the year 1884, a period of thirty-three years dating from the first entry, in 1851.

From the establishment of the Sodality in 1846 to its fiftieth year, 1896, the names of five hundred and sixty pupils, following the course of studies in our classes as boarders or half-boarders, have been inscribed on the list of Children of Mary.

This simple fact is already a certificate in favor of the young ladies thus distinguished. Of their fate in after years, of their trials or their consolations, of the good odor of their virtuous deeds, of their long life or early death, we are not always prepared to render an account; although we are aware that a considerable number have already passed through the vicissitudes of their earthly existence, and gone forth to that unknown country where we shall all one day be gathered.

At this date, seventy-five of these Children of Mary are known to have entered the religious state, forty-two having made profession in the Old Monastery. Of these, more than half are still active laborers here, or in our two recently founded convents, some reckoning their twenty-five, thirty or more years of profession. Let us hope they may long be spared to cultivate the Vineyard of the Lord. and become as remarkable for their longevity as they are for their piety, zeal and usefulness.

The first member of the Sodality who entered our novitiate was Miss Adèle Cimon, known in religion as Mother

St. Mary. Of her life and labors we have given a sketch as one of the Superiors of the monastery. Her companion of profession, Marie Louise Proulx of Ste. Julie, is still among the laborers alluded to above.

The next Ursuline from the ranks of the Sodality was Miss Monica Plante, a niece of our beloved Mother St. Gabriel. Admitted to profession in 1853, Sister St. Stanislaus seems to have followed the example of her holy patron, by her love of the rule and her fidelity to all the duties of the religious state. Like him also, her short life was crowned by a holy and happy death.

Following the footsteps of Sister St. Stanislaus and completing her course likewise at the age of twenty-eight, we meet another sister-novice, Miss Glaphyre Gosselin of St. Gertrude, received into the Sodality in 1852, and admitted to profession as an Ursuline in 1857. Her memory is particularly dear to those who knew her best, her companions in the novitiate, or her pupils over whom she exercised the happiest influence. Five years after her profession, the bright countenance which promised health proved—as only too often is the case—the prophecy of an early death. Consumption lurked beneath these fair appearances, and Mary had led her child into the cloister, only to assure her place among the virgin train whose entrancing song is the delight of Paradise. That none but consoling thoughts are suggested by the last moments of beloved Sisters like these, may be seen by the lines we subjoin, which were written after the death of dear Sister Monica Plante of St. Stanislaus.

ON THE DEATH OF DEAR SISTER ST. STANISLAUS.

I saw her on her dying bed,
That meek and gentle one.
She looked on death without a fear,
Well pleased her race was run.

She sweetly smiled, as there she leant
Upon her Saviour's breast;
An infant in its mother's arms
Thus calmly takes its rest.
How dear unto the Lord, thought I,
Must be the heart's fresh bloom,
Since, in reward, such blessed light
Is shed around the tomb!
How good it is to serve our God,
And lay up treasures, where
Nor moth, nor rust, will e'er corrupt,
Nor thieves purloin our share!
How sweet to have our hearts so pure
That, e'en should reason stray,
We'll talk of heaven, or with the saints,
To whom we've loved to pray!

But while I knelt with Sisters dear
Beside that bed of death,
And murmurs low of prayer went up
With her expiring breath,
I thought of one almost as young, [1]
But bound with other ties;
Alas! around that dying couch,
Dark clouds of sorrows rise.
Oh! there he stood, her bosom friend,
Bowed low as in despair;
Around six weeping children hung,
Imploring Heaven to spare.
But no! Death's cruel dart was poised,
The fearful blow must fall.
Ah me! what grief! what utter woe!
The victim saw it all,
Yet nerved her heart to bid adieu
To all this earthly love.
Rejoice, O happy nun! that thou
Such anguish need not prove.

1—The writer's sister, who died a few weeks previous.

Thy sacrifice, all gladly made
When thy young heart was rife
With all the hopes that beckon on,
And gild the way of life,
Hath won for thee this peaceful hour,
This rest from earthly care;
Gently thy spirit may depart
Upon the wings of prayer.

Come hither now, ye pupils dear,
For whom she toiled and prayed;
Who oft have met her cheerful smile
Her dove-like voice obeyed.
Come, gaze upon that lifeless form,
Nor start with dread or fear;
Is not the seal of blessedness
Upon her hallowed bier?
Say, is there not a holy spell
Brooding this cloistered ground,
As angels, with their clustering wings,
This peaceful tomb surround?
And is there not, in such a scene,
A power your hearts will own,
A power to win you all to live,
Like her, for God alone?

The two next Children of Mary early lost to us were our dear Sisters St. Isabella and St. Ignatius, known in the world as Miss Ellen Allan and Anna Neville, both of the city and both educated in our classes from their early years.

Lovely in character as they were in person, none who were their companions as pupils can have forgotten their piety and good example, the charm of their conversation, the modesty of their address, their talents and application to their studies. The novitiate seemed the proper sphere for the unfolding of these lovely flowers, and the community had a right to anticipate much consolation in beholding the fruit of their holy lives and labors.

But alas! only four years after pronouncing her holy vows, Sister St. Isabella was attacked by that fell disease which never spares its victim. The winter came, and on the 7th of Feb. 1862, our sweet Sister bade adieu to her mourning mothers and sisters on earth, to join the rejoicing ones in heaven.

Sister St. Ignatius two years later, and only twenty-six years of age like Sister St. Isabella, was taken from us to be equally regretted. Her superior talents and qualifications as a teacher had won the confidence of her pupils, when her illness and premature death brought mourning to them as well as to the community. A few weeks before her end, she was so happy as to receive holy Communion at the hand of her brother, Rev. John Neville, who celebrated his first Mass in our church. It was the last time our dear Sister had leave to go to the chapel. She seemed now to have but one wish it was to be united to her God who had answered the prayer nearest her heart: her brother was a priest and she an Ursuline!

Among our Lord's favored ones, "early called, early blest," we shall now mention Miss Sophie Bérubé of St. Michel, who was received Child of Mary in 1853, and entered the novitiate in 1856, to win the crown at the age of thirty-three, after ten years of cheerful labor in the service of the best of Masters. Perfection was the aim of our dear Sister's every act; a loving confidence in God sustained her courage, while it was doubtless the sweet reward of her fidelity to grace, her constant attention to perform the duties or fulfil the little offices that involve the sacrifice of one's own will and pleasure for the sake of others.

The gradual progress of that fatal disease to which she was naturally predisposed, could not be long arrested by the

tender care of watchful mothers and sisters, who would fain have purchased her restoration to health at any price. During the winter of 1868, a settled cough brought on other distressing symptoms, and soon our gentle Sister could foresee that the approaching end would not long be delayed. But with what peace, with what holy joy did she not welcome the summons and accept the sacred rites preparatory to the departure!

The prayers for the dying had been piously offered by the community, and as the "Bridegrown tarried," a part of the sisterhood had retired, leaving around the dying one the Sisters who knew her best, to watch with her to the end. After a little rest: "*Chantez un cantique sur le ciel, s'il vous plaît,*" said the faint voice. There was a little delay: who would be able to sing at such a moment? But the dying sister finds a voice and sings: "*Quand vous contemplerai-je, ô céleste séjour!*" The voice falters, all is silent; the longing spirit has gone forth in that sigh for heaven.

Two other names, united on memory's page in a similar manner to those of Sisters St. Isabella and St. Ignatius, are those of dear Sister Mary of the Presentation Matte, and Sister St. Monica Nault. Both were received into the Sodality in 1856, at the age of fifteen. Thus they were companions as pupils, but Miss Elzire Matte had bid adieu to her family at the age of twenty-one, and her too brief career was already accomplished when, in 1866, Miss Adèle Nault entered the novitiate, as if to perpetuate the examples of piety, fervor and fidelity to grace, which had been given there by our dear Sister Mary of the Presentation. We can only think of dear Adèle and Elzire as of children marked by the signet of sanctity from their earliest youth. We remember their first Communion, their place in class from year to year,

their reception into the sodalities in each department, until they both were happily invested with the insignia of the Children of Mary. All the years of their school-life were years of happy omen.

No one was surprised when Miss Elzire Matte asked her admission to the novitiate, nor was it then apparent that her health would fail so soon. But thus it had been ordained by Him who appoints to each of us the measure of our days. A rapid decline brought our dear Sister Mary of the Presentation the recompense promised to the pure in heart. She had worn the veil of the professed novice only a little more than two years.

Sister Adèle Nault of St. Monica was the second of the five daughters of Dr. Zephirin Nault, the physician of the community for many years, all of whom were pupils in our classes from the age of six or seven to the close of their education. Adele's talents were of a high order; but her memory as a pupil is cherished still more for the loveliness of her character, in which modesty, gentleness, candor, gaiety, forgetfulness of self and readiness to oblige, were set off and enhanced by piety as sincere as it was unostentatious. Such a pupil at the head of a class, or the first of a division, renders more service to a teacher for the enforcement of discipline and the formation of character than can be told. Happily such pupils are found among the Children of Mary nearly every year, and they are ever remembered, even when they do not end their days like Adèle as members of the sisterhood.

As a novice Sister St. Monica's virtues were such as might be expected, knowing already her energetic character and her pious inclinations. After leaving school with the highest honors, she had spent a few years in her family, one of those truly Christian families where religion and virtue hold the

first place, and this had not interfered unfavorably with her accustomed practices of piety. What a consolation it was to dear Mother St. Andrew to welcome from her death-bed the entry of the two postulants, Adèle and her sister Emma! And what a day of rejoicing in the community was the 8th of September, 1868, which witnessed the consecration of these and two other promising subjects, Sisters Emma Cimon of St. John the Baptist and Célina Doré of the Presentation.

Four years more passed in the peaceful and happy fulfilment of daily duties under the sanction of obedience, thus rendered as pleasing and acceptable in the sight of Heaven as the incense of prayer before the altar of sacrifice. Sister St. Monica was the *doyenne* of twenty sister-novices and was about to take her place among the community nuns, where so qualified a subject was no doubt destined to render important services.

Such was the prospect when at the close of the vacation of 1872, our beloved Sister was suddenly attacked by a dangerous illness, so violent that not all the skill of the medical art could suffice to arrest its progress. The sacraments brought a temporary relief; but our dear Sister knew that it was the calm of approaching death. She had borne her sufferings with a patience and resignation only equalled by the sorrow and consternation of the community at this unlooked-for bereavement; and now she accepted the stroke of death as the merciful opening of the gates of heaven, where she would meet the beloved Spouse of her soul, for whom alone she might have desired to live and labor through the course of many years.

The year following the death of Sister St. Monica, another Child of Mary of 1855 heard the call from Paradise where perhaps our sweet Adèle had left "the golden gates ajar."

Our dear Sister St. Clotilda is ready to obey the call, although she has not yet completed the ninth year of her religious life. Before her change of name, our Sister was known as Miss Thersille Sénécal, and belonged to the parish of Longueuil near Montreal.

On being admitted to the novitiate her only ambition had been to become a true religious, and with this object in view the obligations and sacrifices of the religious life had seemed to her that " yoke " of the Lord which He has pronounced to be " light." Her piety, gentleness and generosity in the service of God were a source of edification to all around her, while the same qualities joined to her devotedness as a teacher, won the hearts of her pupils and enabled her to promote their best interest by her influence over them. But the brightest gems of her crown were yet to be earned, set in the pure gold of suffering. A long and tedious illness did not exhaust her patience, which she nourished by a constant remembrance of the Passion.

Pious and exemplary to the last, her name is ever mentioned with the affection and regret due to one who has lived for God alone, and served Him to the best of her power.

Sister St. Clotilda died October 30th, 1873, in the thirtieth year of her age.

It was during the month of March, 1874, that the community was called to mourn the premature loss of dear Sister Isabella McDonald of St. Stanislaus, a niece of our dear Mothers St. Andrew and St. John. She had labored chiefly among the pupils of the extern-school, but with what ardor, what zeal for their improvement, and above all for their progress in virtue ! Her charity for the poorer class rendered her ingenious in finding means to procure them the articles of apparel which they most needed, and these were fashioned

by her own hands from old clothing or remnants which she had begged permission to dispose of in this way. Severe to herself while she was all kindness to others, her health was far undermined before it was perceived to be failing. Even when she could no longer rise from her bed the natural energy of her character deceived us so far, that the approach of death was perceived barely in time for the administration of the last sacraments. St. Joseph, to whom she was most devout, could not have failed to protect the last moments of his faithful client. Her act of resignation had long been prepared and her last look at the crucifix was one of utter trust, as her trembling lips softly murmured : " Into thy hands, O Lord, I commit my spirit."

She had devoted fourteen years to the service of God in the community where her memory is ever cherished ; and the touching examples of her piety and fervor will long be recounted as a source of edification and encouragement. At her decease, her companion of profession and twenty-seven sisters whose profession had followed here, were still at their labors.

Sister Ste. Félicité, known in the world as Miss Julie Thivierge, was received into the Sodality of the Children of Mary in 1853 with her sister Philomène and the Misses Sophie and Mathilde Bérubé. She was admitted to profession in 1858 with Sister Bérubé of St. Michel, while the two above-named sisters of the two Ursulines chose to serve God among the nuns of the Good Shepherd in another part of the city.

If Miss Thivierge had been the consolation of her teachers while a pupil, she was no less the edification of her Sisters and the joy of her mistress when a novice. Ready for every duty, seeing the will of God in that of her superiors,

prepared for every sacrifice, her daily life was equally peaceful and meritorious. Entrusted with the direction of a division as well as with a class soon after her profession, she continued to render service in these important offices till attacked by the severe symptoms of the malady which was destined to end her earthly existence.

Beloved and esteemed by her pupils, who had appreciated her maternal kindness, and her gentle yet firm exercise of authority, she had the consolation of exerting a salutary influence over their conduct even from her sick-room. A word of encouragement or advice written by their good Mother Ste. Félicité was ever received with joy and acted upon with touching fidelity. It was in Mary's month, May 14th, 1877, at the age ef forty years, that our beloved Sister, Mary's faithful servant, was called to enjoy the reward promised to those who "instruct others unto righteousness." She had passed twenty years in this blessed employ, and of such Scripture says that they "shine like the stars of heaven to all eternity."

With the memory of Sister Ste. Félicité we naturally associate that of Sister Marie du Carmel, a sister-novice and a co-laborer during many years, although in another department. Known in the world as Miss Olympe Gagnon, and admitted to the novitiate after passing several years in our classes, Sister Marie du Carmel was an efficient teacher and willingly spent herself for the advancement of her pupils. Charged in the department of the half-boarders with the studies which constitute the Course of Literature, at the same time that she was the directress of the senior division, she knew how to render her classes pleasant and her teaching useful. Many an ingenious device was adopted whereby to nourish their piety, direct their imagination and form their

character. From the overflowing source in her own heart, she drew forth, now a maxim to be unfolded in the form of a composition, now a lively but useful remark which falling unexpectedly, was apt to make an indelible impression.

Leaving her cell after a restless night, she entered the infirmary for a little repose before repairing to the class-room. An hour later medical aid was called in, only to find our dear Sister attacked by a dangerous malady from which it was probable she could not recover. The sentence was received with the tranquillity of one who had foreseen the hour, and had daily lived prepared to offer at any moment the sacrifice of her life.

There are circumstances when every thing conspires to augment the grief of a mourner and to render it overwhelming. Thus it was on this occasion, when one among us beheld her only sister dying, while the death of their aged mother had been hastened by hearing of the serious illness of her daughter! Their souls set free from the incumbrance of the body and all its ills, were happily united before either was aware of the release of the other.

The bereaved one, Mother Ste. Antoinette Gagnon, since appointed to guide the community in the office of Superior, found comfort in the sympathy with which she was surrounded, while the touching grief of the pupils was another proof that in calling our beloved Sister to Himself, Our Lord had rewarded one who had faithfully sought to do good to their souls. She labored in the vineyard twenty-six years since her profession, and attained the age of forty-seven years.

Other names appear on the list of the deceased Children of Mary, not one of which could be written without suggesting sweet thoughts of the dear departed. Some of them won their crown almost at the first hour of the day; others at the

third, or at a later hour of their labor. Among the latter would be found Célina Doré of the Presentation, whose profession we have mentioned already. Her death occurred in 1880, after fourteen years of faithful labor, while the same year Sister Emma Turcotte of St. Dominique, only seven years professed, hastened to seize her reward with the same fervor that had urged her at every moment "never to spare herself, nor to miss an opportunity to oblige another."

Next on the list, we meet the names of the two Misses McDonald. The youngest generously offered herself for the labors of the new Convent at Stanstead. The bore the name of Sister Mary of the Sacred Heart, and has already won the reward of a fervent, pure and holy life. Sister Mary Ann McDonald of St. Benedict had been retained by the duties she owed her family till a more advanced age than would have been her choice. But with what avidity she sought to make amends, as it were, for delay, and with such success that her crown was won with the close of her noviceship. Professed in 1874, she passed away in 1880.

We shall only mention one more Child of Mary, Sister Malvina Pouliot of St. Alphonse, whose feeble health had sustained the labors of ten years when she departed from among us in 1883, rich in the merit of the virtues she had practised with unremitting fervor. Her love of poverty and its sister virtues, mortification and humility, was remarkable. Intelligent and fond of study, she was most ingenious in devising means to communicate knowledge to the pupils under her charge. Several of her devices were such as, in other hands and, perhaps we should add—in other lands—would have been patented to serve the cause of education and to enrich the fortunate patentee. But her ambition was only to benefit her pupils and to fulfil in the best possible manner

her duty towards them. Her end long foreseen was prepared for in the peace of a conscience without reproach, leaving her community comforted by the assurance that their loss was to her an eternal gain.

Without pursuing these brief notices further, we can only declare that the dear unnamed Sisters who have been called to their reward since 1883, the date of the last we have given, had with equal edification accomplished the duties of their state, and now that they "sleep in the Lord", each has her place in the affectionate remembrance of the community.

> "Tender memories cling around them
> Like the ivy on the trees,
> Memories of the dead and saintly,
> Sweet as breath of southern breeze".

They are still a part of the cloistered family, whose links when broken by death, are repaired, like those of the families of the world, in another more lasting home where joy is perennial and where mourning and tears are unknown.

CHAPTER XIX

GOLDEN JUBILEES OF THE LAST DECADE, 1879-1889

MOTHER ST. JANE DE CHANTAL *née* VICTORIA WHITE

1830–1880–1885

Among the seven jubilarians of the last decade, from 1879 to 1889, four were addressed in English, their mother-tongue. This circumstance will enable us to initiate our readers into the spirit of these celebrations within the cloister, by citing

some of the metrical compliments, which take the form of a little poem, or a simple song, according to the occasion or the inspiration of the hour.

Let us introduce first Mother St. Jane de Chantal, née White, who made profession in 1830, under the superiority of Mother St. Henry.

"Three young ladies from New York, under the protection of Bishop Dubois, one of them to enter the novitiate, the others the boarding-school," is the entry in our Annals, at the date of June 24th, 1828.

This new candidate for the cloister was Miss Victoria White, born and baptized in the American metropolis, of parents who were natives of Catholic Ireland. Miss White was eighteen years of age, but so diminutive in stature that had it not been for the perfect symmetry of form and feature, she might have passed for a child of twelve. It was long remembered in the community that Mother St. Helen, impressed with the childlike appearance of her little postulant, now resting fast asleep from the fatigue of her long journey, would call in the Sisters as they passed before the door of the novitiate, to point out to them the baby hands and feet of the new comer.

But Miss Victoria White needed only to be known to justify a homely proverb which was quite applicable in her case. With the habit and veil of the order, the postulant received the name of St. Jane de Chantal, and entered with alacrity upon the duties assigned her, anxious only to correspond to the grace of her vocation and become a true religious. Although she was never robust in health, her usefulness, whether in the class-room or in other offices, was most satisfactory. The severity of our Canadian winters caused her more suffering than the tropical heat of Texas, and her long sojourn there was not a preparation to meet the rigors.

of the climate with less difficulty on her return home. Yet was she enabled to render service here again during several years in the various offices of Depositary, Assistant, and Mistress of novices.

On the occasion of the Golden Jubilee of our dear Mother in 1880, the pupils offered a festive entertainment, with the reading of the subjoined ode.

ON THE GOLDEN JUBILEE OF REV. MOTHER ST JANE DE CHANTAL

" Within thy courts, O Lord, how sweet to dwell;
How sweet to love and serve Thee, none can tell!
My soul with pious longings pines away,
As all Thy mercies I review to-day.
" 'Twas long ago, responding to Thy call,
To home I bade adieu, to friends, to all
The world could offer; choosing Thee alone
To be my portion. Fifty years have flown,
Making those sacred ties more precious still,
And binding me to Thee with firmer will.
Oh! what return, dear Lord, can I propose?
How speak the gratitude my full heart knows?
The promised ' hundred-fold' e'en here below,
Has been my share; and well I know
Eternal life Thou hast in store for me.
Ah! when shall dawn *that* Golden Jubilee!"

Thus in her ecstasy our Mother prayed,
And of her ardent soul, the depths betrayed;
While we with joy our kindest greeting brought,
Our simple offerings, with affection fraught.

Yes! fifty years ago a novice came
Before this altar with her heart aflame.
Slight was her form and gentle was her mien:
Angels rejoiced, friends wept the touching scene,
As that fair maiden signed her solemn vow,
And sang: " My spouse hath set upon my brow
His signet. Veiled, I'm now His happy bride;
No earthly love shall e'er my heart divide."

That blissful hour, long past, O MOTHER DEAR,
Rises all fresh upon this Fiftieth year.
The lovely autumn morn with sky serene,
Seems to depict what your career has been ;
How peaceful and how pure that blameless life,
Given all to God, " remote from care and strife."
What pen or pencil fully could portray
The countless merits even of one day,
Where every moment, aimed by love divine,
The wealth of worlds unnumbered doth outshine ?
Whether in training youth, to walk secure
In " Wisdom's ways," and endless joys ensure ;
Whether in fervent prayer, and converse sweet
With God, at His most Holy Will, how fleet
Have sped the years !.....
.....Shall I, dear Mother, tell
How to your Convent home you bade farewell
When, moved by holy zeal, a distant land
Beheld you come, to lend a gen'rous hand
In long and arduous labors ? Texas learned
To bless your name. And when at length you turned
After the lapse of nineteen burning years,
Your footsteps homeward, many were the tears
That wept the parting.—But how glad the cheer
That greeted your arrival, Mother dear !
How rang the joy-bells through our cloistered home,
When you were sheltered safe, no more to roam !
And since, twelve other summers gliding by
In peace, nor weighing on you heavily
Have proved the adage, in their rapid flight :
" Sweet is the burden of the Lord, his yoke is light ! "

The faithful SPOUSE OF JESUS asks no rest
But at His feet, and still at His behest,
She labors in the vineyard ; now to guide
Our toiling *Marthas* who in her confide ;
Now, young and tender plants she trains secure,
By wise example, and by counsel sure.
Permit us then, dear Mother, in the song
That from our full hearts joyous pours along,

To greet you ; while our prayers, on wings of love,
Call richest blessings on you from above.
Oh ! what will be in Heaven the bliss untold,
When we all gathered there, within the fold,
In that dear *fête* which lasts eternally
Shall celebrate that GOLDEN JUBILEE !

Mother St. Jane de Chantal's eulogium may be comprised in a few words : she was truly a model religious. Her uniform fidelity to every duty, her zeal for the instruction of youth, her unbounded charity, united to tender piety, rendered her very dear to her community, and when (1885) at the age of seventy-five, a few years after the joyful celebration of the 50th anniversary of her profession, a brief illness ended in a calm and peaceful exchange of life for immortality, the dear departed was as sincerely mourned as her memory has been lovingly and reverently cherished.

MOTHER ST. PAUL, NÉE JEANNE LÉTOURNEAU

1830-1880-1890

With Miss White, another young lady, Miss Jeanne Létourneau, had taken the veil in 1828, adopting the name of Sister St. Paul. They celebrated together the 50th anniversary of their professien, in September 1880. Mother St. Paul alone wes destined to the rarer honors of the Diamond Jubilee.

Miss Létourneau is another of those truly precious subjects recruited for the community from that parish so fertile in religious vocations, St. Pierre du Sud. From her earliest years Jeanne's only care had been to please God and " obey His commandments," even as she was taught by her good parents.

Entering religion at the age of seventeen, her delight was to converse with God in prayer, to visit Him in the holy tabernacle, to serve Him by acts of charity exercised towards all whom she could succor or oblige. Her life was like that of the lowly violet, hidden in the verdant turf and ready to be forgotten, were it not for the sweet perfume which betrays its presence. In the care of the sick as infirmarian, in the duty of seamstress, preparing clothing for the sisterhood, in teaching or in the charge of portress and in the office of zelatrix, the fervent spouse of Jesus found her delight, and daily embellished her crown by the utmost fidelity in little things as in great, serving God as if she " beheld Him face to face."

Our good Mother St. Paul had the consolation of seeing six of her nieces Ursulines, three of them in her own community. The eldest of these, Rev. Mother Mary of the Assumption, had lately been elected Superior when occurred the Diamond Jubilee of our venerable *doyenne*, September 30th, 1890.

Of her other nieces, one occupied at the time the charge of Assistant-Superior in our new foundation at Roberval, another the same position in Stanstead, and a third at Waterville, a foundation from the Ursuline Convent of Three Rivers.

From these circumstances this Diamond Jubilee was one of unwonted *éclat*. Greetings and festal offerings poured in from all the religious communities of the city, as well as from Three Rivers, Roberval, Stanstead and Waterville.

The beloved jubilarian, although feeble, had enjoyed the celebration, especially the joyful sacred chants, the touching exhortation, the sisterly greeting which revived the fadeless memories of that other day when first she had vowed her young life to her Maker's service in that same quiet chapel.

The Mothers and Sisters of that "long ago" were not around her to-day, she missed the companion of her consecration to God; but would she not soon rejoin them all in that world where there is naught but unalloyed happiness?

Alas! for earthly joys. Even in the convent contrasted scenes are frequent. Only one short month after these rejoicings, a mortal illness, in the space of a few days, reduced the aged Mother to the last extremity. Yet all was peace around that dying couch. The sacraments received, the prayers for a departing soul softly murmured, a last look at the crucifix, a last sigh and all is over. Nothing remains but the mournful bier, the solemn requiem, the humble grave, around which, however, memory still keeps her vigils while hope points upward to the home of the blest, and whispers: "She is there!"

MOTHER ST. SCHOLASTICA (MARY TERESA SHERLOCK)

1831–1881–1883

Next on our lists in the order of profession, after the name of Mother St. Paul, is that of Sister Mary Teresa Sherlock. Born of Irish parents in London, England, in 1806, Miss Sherlock's education was well advanced when her father, Mr. James Sherlock, came to Canada with his family, consisting of his wife and several sons and daughters.

Mary Teresa, after passing six months in studying the French language in our classes, entered the novitiate, and was admitted to the emission of her vows, November 10th, 1831.

Employed as a teacher in our English classes at the *externat*, the only Catholic school in Quebec at that time where the young girls of the Irish congregation of Saint Patrick's

could obtain suitable religious instruction, Sister St. Scholastica was indefatigable in her efforts to benefit her pupils, by inculcating in their young hearts the principles of our holy religion, at the same time that she sought their advancement in the other branches of an elementary course of studies.

Many of these children were poor, and often was their teacher's heart wrung with pity at the sight of their wan faces and tattered garments. Then was she eloquent in pleading for the means to relieve their distress, means which the good Superior, Mother St. Henry, liberally, yet prudently bestowed as often as possible.

In later years, Sister St. Scholastica was employed among the boarders, teaching English in classes where patience and pains-taking are especially required owing to the French origin of the majority of the pupils.

Till an advanced age she was employed at the institute, and every where her earnest efforts for the improvement of her pupils were crowned with success. Her tastes were notably artistic, and specimens of her fancy work and embroidery, are easily recognized by those who have once examined her handiwork.

Her deep piety and truly religious spirit alone sufficed to sustain her under the sufferings and infirmities with which it pleased Our Lord to visit her during the latter part of her life. Ever patient and cheerful, if acute pains forced the tears to her eyes, she would quickly exclaim : " Oh ! it is nothing. The tears will come ; I can't help it."

All her lifetime she entertained a tender interest in the welfare of her family, and was ever sensible to their varying fortunes, rejoicing or mourning with them with true sisterly affection. In her deep sorrow, when occurred the

death of her father and mother within the space of one short month, one of the sisterhood offered her sympathy in the following lines.

O Sister! weep not: side by side
All peacefully they take their rest.
Their faithful souls naught could divide;
Their life was sweet, their death, how blest!
Why wouldst thou weep? Their lamp was bright,
Their crown all glowing in the sky;
Their souls were ready for the flight
To purer regions there on high.
Why wouldst thou weep? The holy ties
That bound them, for a moment riven,
Are now renewed in yonder skies;
Behold! they bless thee now from heaven!

In 1881, Mother St. Scholastica celebrated her Golden Jubilee, receiving the tokens of grateful affection which former pupils and friends delight to offer on such occasions. Among them all, none was more beautiful nor more highly prized than a delicate piece of embroidery in fish-scales, wrought by the hands of her own sister, Mother St. Teresa, a professed nun, and since Superior in the Ursuline Convent of St. Martin, Brown County, Ohio. The following ode, characteristic of her nationality was offered by the novices.

ODE FOR THE GOLDEN JUBILEE OF MOTHER ST. SCHOLASTICA.

November 10th. 1881.

Far across the great deep, from the green Isle of Erin,
That land where the Saints seem to spring from the sod,
To the Land of the West, came a fair youthful maiden,
The crown of fond parents, their "present from God."

All in vain were the charms of the world or its pleasures,
For her heart was attracted by more lasting treasures ;
And rapt was her soul by the entrancing measures
Of a strain, more melodious than : " *Erin go bragh !* "

'Twas the Hymn of the Virgin train, known to no other,
Save their own choir resplendent, in vesture so white ;
With the Lamb, in the midst of "green pastures," they gather,
And, attuning their harps in His praises unite.
It was thus the young maiden, her high hopes reposing
On the promise of Jesus, her secret disclosing,
Bade adieu to dear friends, who her purpose opposing,
Would fain have retained her with " *Erin go bragh.*"

How bright was the sky on that November morning,
When light thro' the cloister the gleeful news sped !
How clear did the merry bells ring out the warning,
" The Bride stands arrayed her dear Jesus to wed ! "
And since that great day, oft the same vows repeating,
What a wealth there's in store for the moments so fleeting
Of a life, all for God,—and in heaven what a meeting !
While angels sing " welcome " and " *Alleluia* " !

Now that "bride" in her *Jubilee* honors rejoices,
The rare " *Golden Wedding* ", the Fiftieth Year.
With her transports we mingle our jubilant voices,
And high lift the choral strain, mellow and clear.
'Tis the deep tide of gratitude, from its fount welling,
In the heart where the Spirit of God is indwelling ;
And that stream, ever full, with its bright waves all swelling,
Makes music, e'en sweeter than " *Erin go bragh.*"

One day, dearest Mother, a fadeless crown wearing,
The ills of life ended, its dangers all o'er,
With the Virgin choir counted, their happy fate sharing,
Their canticle sweet thou shalt sing evermore.
Ere this festive day passes, its golden rays spending,
Let our wishes and greetings, with dulcet notes blending,
Be the pledge of affection's pure incense ascending
In prayer, while we sing again " *Erin go bragh.*"

In 1878, Mother St. Scholastica's death, long foreseen through her many infirmities, brought her the reward of her seventy-six years, of which fifty-five had been spent in religion.

MOTHER ST. PHILIP (MISS LOUISE AYLWIN)

1832-1882-1893

When in the early springtide of 1830, Miss Louisa, daughter of the Hon. Judge Aylwin, called upon the Superior of the convent to ask her admission to the novitiate, the prudent Mother must have hesitated to encourage her project. Slight in figure, delicate in complexion and health, apparently fond of the gaieties of the society of Quebec, of which she had seen much since leaving the convent three years previous, how had she learned to despise the world, how would she support the austerity of the religious life? On the other hand, Louisa had been carefully brought up by her mother, who was a fervent Catholic; she had been remarked at school for her tender piety, her love for her religion, which, alas for them! was not that of her father nor her brothers.

Louisa urged her suit. Mother St. Henry consulted with her counsellors, and the young candidate was admitted to test her vocation by the exercises of the novitiate. Subsequently she took the veil with the name of Sister St. Philip. The delicate health of the novice continued to be a source of anxiety, but her many excellent qualities, her persevering desire to consecrate herself to God, the knowledge of the dangers to which she would be exposed in the world, and on the other hand, the thought of the happiness it would be for her to become a religious, decided the nuns to admit her to profession. Yet this delicate frame was destined to last, and

to bear the burden of life-long ailings, ever light-hearted, ever grateful to the Lord for the favor of dwelling in His House, among His chosen ones.

Mother St. Philip's delight was to be with the children, to teach them, ever inculcating the principles of our holy religion, to win their hearts to God by showing them every kindness. Even when age and increased infirmities rendered it impossible for her to teach a class, still she loved to visit them, to have an opportunity of doing them good by a kind word or act, manifesting the same interest in them as in former years she had shown their mothers or perhaps their grandmothers.

Of all our Sister's amiable qualities and virtues, none has left us so lasting an impression as her unfeigned and never failing charity.

With her, kindness seemed no studied act, but rather the spontaneous impulse of a heart overflowing with that love which finds it well-spring in the loving Heart of our Blessed Lord. Acts of charity seemed so necessary to her own happiness that she was most ingenious in discovering occasions to give pleasure or render service. Weariness or pain was not sufficient to prevent her from welcoming her Sisters with a cheerful smile, and often would a gay repartee instead of an account of her sufferings be the unexpected response to their words of inquiry.

Thus gently flowed the stream of time till eighty-three years had filled the measure allotted to our venerable *doyenne*. A severe attack of the " grippe " was the signal for a departure long foreseen and calmly prepared for. This took place on the 2nd of January, 1893.

Mother St. Philip was greeted as a Jubilarian in September, 1882. The novices of that date took part in the celebration

by inviting the dear Mother to their gaily decorated hall and sang in her honor to the accompaniment of harp, guitar and piano, the following song composed for the occasion.

SONG FOR THE GOLDEN WEDDING OF OUR VERY DEAR MOTHER ST. PHILIP.

Sept. 6th, 1882.

Haste with songs of gladness,
On this joyful day,
To our gentle Mother
Greetings kind convey!

Fifty years have glided
Down the stream of life,
All with merit freighted,
All with blessings rife.

Never, gentle Mother,
Could our poor words tell,
How the love of Jesus,
In your heart doth dwell.

Like a golden censer,
Whence doth perfume rise,
Ever sends your pure soul
Incense to the skies.

From the morning's rising
To the evening's wane,
Prayer, or loving labor,
Or long hours of pain;

Such has been the garland
Twined thro' *Fifty years*;
And how richly glowing
This bright wreath appears!

Greeting thee, dear Mother,
Lovingly we come;
Bright the Golden Wedding
In our cloister-home.

CHORUS. Joy bells merrily, ring out cheerily ;
Bright birds on the wing,
Lend us notes to sing!
Oh! what notes of glee, to sing the Golden Jubilee!

In our love we crown thee
While our songs so gay,
Greet thee, gentle Mother,
On thy *Golden Wedding Day.*

MOTHER ST. ANNE (MISS SERAPHINE TRUTEAU)

1834–1884–1888

On the first of January, 1888, the three most aged nuns of the community, Mother St. Gabriel, Mother St. Anne and Mother St. John, were together the inmates of the infirmary. Before the end of February, their graves had been filled. Our three dear elders had disappeared, leaving a void which will long be felt, and a memory which will never be forgotten.

It is a grateful task to devote a memorial page here to dear Mother St. Anne.

Miss Séraphine Truteau, was born in 1798, in Montreal, of an honorable family, which gave to the Church a distinguished clergyman in the person of her brother Very Rev. Truteau, V. G. She entered our novitiate at the age of thirty-four, her health not permitting her to execute sooner the pious desire which she had nourished since the age of fifteen.

This long experience of life, joined to a sound judgment and a solid education, enabled Mother St. Anne to render important services to the community of her adoption in the offices of Assistant and Zelatrix, but especially in the treatment of the sick. Possessing much medical skill both natural

and acquired, she used it with that kindness of word and manner which are more valued by the patient than the soothing prescription.

Her experience in the care of the sick was a great relief to the infirmarian, who could depend upon her presence by the dying, as upon the most skilful of physicians, while her piety was a comfort to the dear patient by whose bedside she would keep watch with the tenderness of a mother, till the last sigh had ended the last combat.

No one could be more zealous for the strict observance of the rule than was Mother St. Anne, whose spirit was in perfect accordance with the traditions of the house.

Our good Mother was not spared the suffering and the merit of a state of helplessness, which confined her to the infirmary during the last fifteen months of her life. There she continued to edify the community by her assiduity to prayer which, without the aid of books, filled her days with that intercessory sacrifice so pleasing to God and so useful to souls. Ever cheerful and enlivening her conversation by many an anecdote of her younger days, or drawing from her well-stored mind the sayings of the wise and good, her visitors received the pleasure which they had intended to convey, and thus reaped a double benefit from an act of charity.

Early in January, 1888, a cold on the lungs gave some cause of anxiety; and our pious Mother asked to be fortified by the last sacraments. Her experience of the sick had turned to her own advantage, for death was really approaching. It had no terrors for the dear patient, who preserved her presence of mind and her serenity to the last, calmly resigning her soul to Him who gave it, on the 14th of January, at the age of ninety, of which she had spent fifty-two in the religious life.

GOLDEN JUBILEE OF MOTHER STE. PHILOMENE

On a preceding page we have given a brief notice of Mother Ste. Philomène, as one of Mother St. Andrew's novices.

In 1888, she was still listening to the piano or the harp, during the hours devoted by the novices to their practice on these instruments.

That same year occurred the celebration of her Golden Jubilee of profession. Three of those who had been her companions in the novitiate were near her. An ode composed by one of them on this occasion we here subjoin.

TO DEAR MOTHER STE. PHILOMENE ON THE OCCASION OF HER GOLDEN JUBILEE

As when in sunset glow, the azure skies
Of faintest hue mingle with golden dyes
In mellowed lustre, till the vista seems
The gate of heaven, opened to fancy's dreams;
E'en thus, dear Mother, turning to the past,
The countless blessings o'er thy pathway cast
Awake within thy soul emotions sweet,
As now thy Golden Jubilee we greet.

Long years ago dawned that auspicious day
When Jesus for His Bride chose thee, alway.
Thy cloistered Mothers led thee to His feet,
And Sisters waited, tenderly to greet
The happy one. But where are they to-day,
Those Mothers dear, those Sisters, where are they?
Gone many! gone to God! yet there remain
Some scattered pearls of that long silvery chain
So lustrous then. Ah! through those fifty years,
Oft was its broken! oft bedewed with tears.

But let us now recall that solemn hour
When the strong will of youth asserts its power;
Viewing outspread a broad and flowery way,
Where pleasure leads a giddy throng astray,
And yet resolves to make a wiser choice,
Listening all docile to the Saviour's voice.

Oh, what a moment! With the light-winged dove
That seeks its rest in some secure alcove,
The soul its pinions lifts and upward soars
Above the region where the tempest roars.
In one bold sweep she cleaves the darksome clouds,
In Jesus' Heart, her fate she safely shrouds.

Thus, Mother dear, didst thou obey the call,
And for thy Saviour's love abandon all!
And now, when Fifty years have swiftly fled,
Still doth the sacrifice its fragrance shed.
During that space, what victories were thine!
What "crowns of justice" waiting for thee, shine!
How many youthful hearts to virtue won,
What treasures in a life for God alone!
Where all was lowly, but the wish sublime
That Jesus might be loved in every clime.

Behold, dear Mother, gathered here to-day,
Thy pupils, past and present, to convey
Our grateful wishes and our greetings kind:
Deep in our hearts thy name beloved is shrined.
We sought a garland for thy brow, and lo!
Fresh roses bloomed and lilies white as snow.
Sweet emblems these of purity and love,
Till Jesus crown His faithful spouse above.
Yet haste thee not! among us still delay:
For this our loving hearts united pray.

Six years were added to her long and peaceful career, years of quiet occupation, suited to her feebler state of health: years of union with God by prayer and recollection, less interrupted than formerly, but possibly not more real.

The end came, as might have been foretold, all beautiful in its gentleness [1]. A slight cold affecting the lungs, a few days of uncertainty as to the gravity of the malady, which is then declared beyond remedy. The calm of perfect resignation; the last consolations of holy Church; the last adieu and the last sigh: "Sweet Jesus, receive my spirit," and all is over for this life. O blessed Faith which unfolds the brighter future of a happiness that knows no end!

1—Extract from a letter written by the son of M. Derby, Esq. (Sister St. Philomena's guardian) on receiving news of her decease.

"I have this moment received your letter, containing the news of the death of Sister St. Philomena. This intelligence I have at once sent to my brother and sister in Boston, and you may be sure it will be received by them as it has been by me, with sincere sorrow. From my earliest years, the name of Mary Kelly, or Sister Philomena, has been like a household word. As years went on I have always, when in Canada, gone out of my way to visit our old family-friend. I have enjoyed the hearty welcome of our dear Sister in the company of my mother, of my wife, and last summer, I took my little daughter with me.

What a beautiful life hers was! In this age of utilitarianism what more unusual than this picture of a lovely, pure-souled woman, apart from the world, teaching generation after generation. Her friends I found every where, and it was always a passport to recognition, if I mentioned the Sister's name to new acquaintances in the province of Quebec. May her memory never fade in your community and may her example never die!"

RICHARD DERBY.

New York, Jan. 11th, 1894.

CHAPITER XX

OUR VENERABLE CHAPLAIN'S SACERDOTAL JUBILEE HERALDS THE PEACEFUL CLOSE OF A HOLY LIFE

It was in 1889. Fifty years had elapsed since the youthful Levite had been invested with the august privileges and powers of the priesthood. But since three or four years our venerable Father's health had failed so far that now it was necessary for him to have an assistant for the duties of his charge. His daily mass, with an hour or two in the confessional, was all that his feeble frame would permit.

The 16th of March must therefore pass unobserved. So our good Father had decided; yet the prohibition did not prevent the execution of a choice selection of sacred music during the anniversary Mass, nor the presentation of appropriate tokens of regard and souvenirs of the occasion.

The following little poem remains to us, recalling sweet memories of the years our ever cherished friend and Father devoted to the interests and happiness of the inmates of the cloister.

THE GOLDEN JUBILEE

March 16th, 1839 1889

DEAR REVEREND FATHER,

Must this hallowed DAY
Be silent? all its bright hours pass away
Without an echo in that Cloister dear,
Your own "Sweet Home" since many a happy year?
What joyous festive scenes before us rise,
As to the past we turn with pensive eyes!

How did the Convent's inmates haste to pay
Their grateful homage on St. George's day!
What merriment around! In thought, how we
Would celebrate your Golden Jubilee!
Trusting that, as our obligations grew,
So health prolonged might arm with vigor new;
Nor sickness, with her cruel train, appear,
Casting her shadow o'er the Convent dear,
Ever *your* home whate'er may be in store,
Whether returning strength, and long years more,
As we would fondly hope; or, if not given
Your peaceful harbour, till the port of heaven.

Still, o'er the past, lit up with vivid ray,
Let untired Fancy poise her wing to-day.
O wondrous scene, now half a century gone!
How glowed the altar in that early dawn!
And how august the Pontiff, as with rite
Sublime, he stood amid the silvery light,
As of the Holy Spirit brooding there;
While hands imposed and consecrating prayer,
Transform the YOUTHFUL LEVITE in that hour,
And crown him with the priesthood's awful power.
Henceforth, obedient to his whispered word,
A GOD descends, and heaven's high court is stirred!
The Precious Blood, once shed on Calvary's height,
In cleansing stream flows o'er the soul contrite;
And sacramental graces, at a sign,
Issue abundant from their source divine.
Thus gloriously commenced that bright career,
Of which this day completes the FIFTIETH YEAR.

What were the young priest's labors, what success
Was seen his sacred ministry to bless,
What fruits were gathered?—'Tis not ours to tell.

Another period came, on which to dwell
Is our delight, we of the Cloister's shade.
With lingering pleasant, let it be surveyed

To-day, all grateful.
Four and thirty years
Our Father, Guide and Friend! how rich appears,
And how indelible in Mem'ry's shrine,
The record, sacred in its ev'ry line.
Yes! on this Day, the Past before me lies,
Like some rich landscape, tinged with golden dyes.
There, one far-distant point attracts my sight:
'Tis Notre-Dame-de-Grâce, a picture bright!
Her spacious, lightsome, well-filled halls are new;
Examinations pass in long review.
Closing the session, some allusion's made
To College days: "Amusement's car conveyed
Far up the Hill of Science"—Pleasant strife
For youthful minds, thought we; and soon to life
The Convent Journal rose, on agile wing
Beyond the eastern inner court to bring
News of the Cloister. Under fostering care,
Beauty and usefulness are still its share.
How patiently our Father would peruse
Those feeble pages, feigning they amuse
From graver duties. Line by line was scanned,
The gold set free from dross with careful hand.
Thus, with new ardor, youthful minds were fired;
To scale Parnassus' heights each one aspired.

Meanwhile, as peaceful fled, year after year,
The studious pupils that assembled here,
The same unwearied kindness have received,
The same dear Friend has with them joy'd or grieved;
With the same zeal did he his hours devote,
Learning and science ever to promote,
Was he less thoughtful of the hours of play?
Come, dearest friends! thro' pleasant arcades stray;
Follow the shady walks, or here admire
The toys, the games, that children most desire;
In winter, view the snow-hill, towering high,
And see the sledges gay that swift go by.

And when came round, from passing year to year,
That work of love to ev'ry pastor dear,
To teach God's "little ones" their destiny,
Their hearts prepare for the great mystery,
Can you, dear chosen ones, forget the zeal,
The tender care for your eternal weal,
You, who successive stood around his knee?
As younger shoots replace the parent-tree,
Mother and child, from the same lips to learn,
To serve your God, with His dear love to burn.

How happy, closing the scholastic year,
Our Father stood with friends and parents dear,
Prizes to give and Graduates to crown!
Their joys, their well-earned triumphs, were his own.
Yet happier still the day, and more serene,
That consecrated to the Heavenly Queen
Their youthful hearts;—or heard the sacred vows
That gave the Lord of Heaven another Spouse.

Was it less sweet a priviiege to stay
The soul's last parting?—all her fears allay,
Pointing the trembling dove to that abode
Of peace and bliss, the bosom of her God?

And shall we e'er forget the patient care,
The nightly vigils, and the tedious wear
Of labors, which are prized at their full worth,
When our *Monastic History* went forth?
Not for the Cloister only was the gain;
Throughout the land it linked tradition's chain,
Unlocking streams from sources long concealed,
That deeds of pious ancestry revealed.
Later, the same Good Friend pointed the way;
At his desire, "*The Glimpses*" saw the day.

Meantime, to honor an historic name,
The pride of Brescia on her lists of fame,
Of Ursulines the Foundress well-beloved,
A Confraternity had been approved.

Saint Angela's examples safely lead;
In virtue's paths her clients walk with speed.
How zealous did the good Director seek
To win young souls to imitate the meek
Maiden of Brescia. Writings, and discourse,
And monthly Mass, unite their triple force.
In all, his aim, the precious soul to save;
To fortify, where rose temptation's wave.
Oh! how our Father's heart had beat with joy,
And deemed it bliss on earth without alloy,
Had he beheld from Rome the favor sought,
The *nimbus* of the Saint, so dearly bought,
And Mother Guyart's name, as Sainte Marie,
Invoked upon his Golden Jubilee!

But further why attempt the long review
Of such a Past? Each moment vistas new,
Pleasant to sight and destined ne'er to fade,
Open on ev'ry side in Mem'ry's glade:
And Echo hears that voice, e'en as of old,
Ready to sanction, not adventuring bold,
But ever willing wisely to approve
The progress timely, or the prudent move.

Now, 'tis the Convent walls that grow apace,
As wider halls are needed, to replace
Some time-worn structure; or to make more room
While Normal schools in dawning prospect loom;
Or larger parlors; lodgings more complete,
Where the young novice finds her calm retreat.

Now, while the future opens to his view,
He hails the project of a convent new,
To rise on shores that still half-buried lie
In the primeval forests, where the sky,
Mirror'd in waters bright, will soon outspread
O'er populations, gathered by the tread
Of iron steam-horse.
Then, ere ardor wanes,
Another convent's seen on Stanstead's plains;

Another scion, parted from that tree
So firmly rooted in security,
That through the storms two centuries have seen,
And more, its spreading branches still are green.

Truly 'tis Heaven's own boon, A FRIEND sincere,
In prudence unsurpassed, in counsel clear,
In doctrine sure. Intelligent, refined,
Learned, and rich in gifts of heart and mind,
Such as befit the scholar and the sage,
Worthy the confidence of youth and age;
One whose devotion, pure as Eastern skies,
Has never seen a cloud to mar its dyes,
Winning all souls to God with equal care;
Such was the FRIEND, the GUIDE, so long our share!

As when some goodly ship, now homeward bound
With riches laden, lighter barks surround,
Watching with joy the lull of every breeze
That still detains her in their quiet seas,
And fearing, lest with glorious sails unfurled,
They see her glide across the watery world
To disappear in yon horizon, where
The sunset's brightest hues are glowing fair;

So, we surround YOU, FATHER, and we pray
To still detain you with us many a day,
Knowing the riches safe, secure the tide,
Oh! hasten not; but long with us abide!

We'll guard the memory of other days,
FATHER BELOVED! to cheer and guide our ways,
While fragrant wreaths entwining your dear name,
A life-long debt of gratitude proclaim!

Although all earthly scenes must fade away,
The GOLDEN JUBILEE OF HEAVEN shall ever stay,
And reunite our hearts in God's dear love:
Of change there is no fear in that bright world above!

X.

There still remained a few months during which it was given us to assist at the holy Sacrifice offered daily and so devoutly by the venerated invalid, till at length his feebleness no longer permitted him to leave his room. What a consolation was it not for his spiritual daughters to wait upon their incomparable Father to the last, and to prove not only that an Ursuline can readily become a Sister of Charity when the occasion requires it, but that in consecrated hearts there is a depth of sympathy, tenderness and gratitude mingled with reverence which cannot be surpassed by mere human ties and affections.

On the 10th of January, 1890, there were symptoms of the near approach of the end. Prepared by the reception of the last sacraments, the venerable patient still lingered till the 22nd, when the silver chords of life were loosed all gently, and the freed soul took its flight, upward and secure, to the bosom of God, that God alone loved and served from earliest youth.

Of the following hours what can be told? Who has not experienced that feeling of desolation with which one turns away from that silent room where death has passed? Too soon the sad preparations are made. The late pleasant apartment is gloomy and vacant. Beneath it, to the right of the portico, the Convent parlor has been transformed to a mortuary chapel. There the dear remains, robed in priestly vestments, lay on a temporary catafalque, while nuns within the grating and friends from without, successively enjoyed the sad privilege of watching and praying in the presence of their friend, who seemed reposing in sleep rather than cold and still in death.

On the day appointed for the burial, the sanctuary and the nave of the chapel being draped in mourning and the altar with its black antependium, relieved by the symbolic white cross, the casket was removed thither, and the Requiem High Mass

was celebrated by a brother-chaplain [1], Reverend A. Godbout, in presence of a large concourse of priests, the nuns in the interior chapel plaintively chanting in response the parts assigned to the choir.

Here, when mass was over, the beautiful funeral service of the ritual was performed, the trustful "*In paradisum*," the soul-inspiring "*Benedictus Dominus Deus Israël*", chanted by the priests and nuns, all gathering around the grave prepared beneath the sanctuary, the casket was lowered to its last resting-place, just near the holy altar, where the daily sacrifice is never offered without a memento from the grateful hearts of all the Sisterhood, for the eternal repose of their two venerated chaplains, Father Thomas Maguire and Father George Louis Lemoine.

CHAPTER XXI

BETHANY IN THE URSULINE CONVENT

There was a Bethany in Judæa, as our readers well remember, where dwelt a family particularly beloved of our Lord. The sisters Mary Magdalen and Martha were often favored by His visits, and on these occasions each entertained Him according to the instincts of a heart entirely devoted to His service. Mary, in a spirit of piety, would sit at His feet, listening to His words, perhaps to transmit them to those

1—Another funeral at the basilica, that of Mgr Legaré, V. G., prevented His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau from bestowing upon our deceased chaplain that last token of his friendship and esteem.

over whom she might have influence; Martha would minister to His wants, and diligently employed herself in preparing a repast for her Guest and for the family.

The different tastes and occupations of the two sisters who loved our Lord so sincerely and lived together so amicably, have been taken as a type of the two orders in our religious families, the choir and the lay-Sisters, both equally consecrated to the service of God by their holy vows, but serving Him in different avocations. The Ursuline choir-sister will have the privilege of chanting the Divine Office; she may remain longer at the feet of Jesus, whose teachings she is to transmit to her youthful charge. The lay-sister has to provide for the daily wants of the household, both nuns and pupils. She will perhaps, at times, like Martha of Bethany, "be troubled about many things"; but she knows that "one thing is necessary", and that is, to labor in the spirit of peace, seeking in all she does to please God.

The services she renders are as necessary to the prosperity of the institution as are those performed in the school-room by the choir-sister. Her vows are as sacred, and her title of "Spouse of Christ" as authentic and glorious. Martha is Mary's sister, and the relationship is marked by feelings of reciprocal esteem and affection, each depending upon the other and contributing by mutual services to their mutual happiness.

The lay-sister has her duties and her privileges, defined by the rule and enjoyed with all the security of a right. She has her hours of prayer and of recreation: she has even a share in the Divine Office by the recitation of her rosary, arranged to correspond to the divisions of Vespers, Matins, &c. When, after the mid-day recreation, there is reading for a quarter of an hour, the lay-sister is there with her mending or knitting, refreshing her mind while resting from more

active employments. When she has prepared the repast, she will be served at table by a choir-sister, another of whom will read aloud some edifying page ; and thus the day will pass, the two orders mingling to form one harmonious whole, the family of our Lord.

Our pupils, the boarders especially, learn to value and love the lay-sisters on whom they bestow the familiar title of *ma tante*. They retain a life-long grateful remembrance of the aid-infirmarian, if ever they have had an occasion to experience her tender care and extreme kindness. The younger pupils especially have a great regard for the sister who has care of their linen ; her appearance in the corridor with their clothes-bag or a parcel sent in from home, is certain to be the signal of delightful haste to meet the smiling messenger. Who, even among the older pupils, will ever forget the vigilant guardians of the dormitory, whose sleep was never so profound as not to be dispelled by the first whispered call, *Ma tante* ? If the trouble was a tooth-ache, an ear-ache, or even a mere fit of sleeplessness, how quickly was the good sister at the bedside of the complaining one, her kindness being often as efficacious as the best remedies of her medicine-box ! The lay-sisters appointed to the care of the apartments occupied by the pupils, their dormitories, class-rooms, etc., or to wait upon table during meals, are remembered by name, and past pupils, after years of absence, will send kind messages and make inquiries after their favorites. The other Sisters, not employed among the pupils, are not always known by their religious name, but by some other designation, as, the "*sœur qui prie toujours*", i. e. " she who is always praying" or *celle qui rit toujours*, i. e. " who is always smiling," or " who is so good " etc. Thus were known Sisters St. Amable, Ste. Candide, Ste. Prudentienne, Ste. Thècle and others.

Three among our lay-sisters of the last half-century had attained the measure of the golden jubilee. The first, Sister Leclerc of St. Alexis, professed in 1803, died in 1859, at the age of seventy-five. Laborious and capable of rendering service in many ways, she was especially skilful in the use of a carpenter's tools, and in the early part of the century saved the house many a shilling by handling the plane, the saw and the chisel in the manufacture of various articles, such as benches, tables, and even a teacher's rostrum, which has only lately given place to one more expensive, but not more convenient.

The second jubilarian was Sœur Couture de St. Denis, professed in 1812, deceased in 1864, at the age of seventy-four. For many years the garden was under her care, and in those days plums were plentiful as well as currants, angelica and vegetables generally. Flowers also were cultivated with the success of an experienced florist. During the winter months, the late gardener made shoes for the sisterhood.

The third jubilarian, Sœur Ratté de Ste. Geneviève, professed in 1822, lived to her eightieth year, dying in 1879. The good sister may have been known among the pupils as *la tante qui rit toujours*, so pleasant was her countenance and so obliging her disposition. A specialist she had been in pastry cooking. "Such cakes! such macarons!" so all the little girls of the minim department declared; and the older ones agreed with them.

As a body, our lay-sisters possess admirably the spirit of their state. They appreciate its privileges, they love its duties, their only ambition being to accomplish in the best manner possible the various tasks that are assigned them. The greatest fault they are apt to commit is over-work, now carrying a burden that is above their strength, now lifting a weight alone, when aid would have been required.

They love to find an opportunity to exercise an act of charity, and this without being noticed. On Sundays and holydays their delight is to spend long hours in the chapel. It is the house of their good Master, for whom they have toiled all the week. Now they will have *a good time*, praying for all their friends, for the conversion of sinners, for the Holy Father and other intentions without number. One Sister goes round the stations twice at least every Sunday. Another spends less time in the chapel; she has another sort of devotion: it is to help in the infirmary, the kitchen or in any office where there is work to be done on Sundays. Or perhaps there is some helpless one, a sister who is aged or infirm. In such cases there is ever a devoted sister, whose special duty and pleasure it seems to be to constitute herself her nurse; and what a tender and watchful guardian she proves! The sickness may be long, but the nurse never tires, and when her charge is over, and the room is vacant, how sad it is, how sincerely she regrets the dear Sister's departure! It was such a comfort to wait upon her!

And let no one think that the writer is describing here an ideal sisterhood, such as does not exist. No, she has only collected her own observations and the daily remarks she has heard from others. "How good, how respectful these sisters are! How hard-working, how agreeable they must be to God! They do not spare themselves. They are happy to win heaven so easily, etc."—"Oh! it is a good and pleasant thing for brethren or sisters to dwell together in unity." If indeed "Mary has chosen the better part," Martha is happy to abide with her, and she has often repeated in her heart the words of a lay-sister on her death-bed: "I would never have exchanged my place as a lay-sister in an Ursuline convent for that of a queen in her royal palace."

CHAPTER XXII

THE 250TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDATION OF THE MONASTERY

CONCLUSION

Our readers have seen how the 200th anniversary of the foundation of the Monastery was celebrated; it is the subject of one of the last chapters of the "Glimpses." That of the 250th year was not dissimilar in its festivities, which commencing on July 30th, lasted three days.

Among the pleasing features of the day, one of the most memorable was the Papal Benediction obtained for us by the fatherly care of His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau, who had addressed the Holy Father a letter, a copy of which, as well as the answer from Rome, is preserved in our archives. With the usual forms the letter states that: "On the first of August of this present year of our Lord, 1889, the religious of the Ursuline Monastery of Quebec will celebrate the 250th anniversary of the arrival of their foundress, Venerable Mother Mary of the Incarnation with the companions of her toils.

"Since 1639, the members of this community have not ceased to devote themselves to the instruction of young girls with indefatigable zeal and entire success. Since its foundation the monastery has constantly contributed to the edification of the faithful by its truly religious spirit and its strict regularity."

The Cardinal then solicits a plenary indulgence for all the faithful who, having fulfilled the usual conditions, shall visit the church of the Ursulines and pray for the intentions of

the Holy Father on one of the days of the triduum. He "solicits the Apostolic Benediction for the Ursulines of Quebec as well as for the three houses of their order which they have founded; also for their pupils present, past and future, that mothers and daughters may rejoice together and give glory to God."

The answer from Rome concluded as follows: "Finally His Holiness bestows with the utmost cordiality His Benediction upon all the members of the Ursuline Community and their pupils.

(Signed) Archbishop of Tyre, Secretary of the
Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith."

The musical part of the celebration during the three days was enhanced by the presence of an orchestra under the artistic training of Mr. Ernest Gagnon, a friend of the community whose obliging concurrence has on more than one occasion been kindly offered and gratefully accepted.

The decorations of the chapel, with lights and flowers in profusion, were less elaborate than those of 1839; such was the testimony of some who had witnessed the splendors of the bi-centennial.

A glance over the long list of nuns whose names follow that of Venerable Mother Mary of the Incarnation since 1639, shows us that at each fiftieth year there were some who had witnessed the preceding celebration or the commencement of the period. If in 1689, the three who had arrived in 1639 were all deceased, there was still one who had joined them the following year, 1640, and who was certainly a strong link with the past, as she had lived a year with the foundresses in that little convent on the wharf, sharing the hardships as well as the joys of the commencement.

At the Hundredth anniversary, 1739, there were five Mothers living who had spent the half-century in the Monastery, as we have mentioned at that date. And now, in 1889, there were also five who had taken part in the rejoicings of the second centennial [1].

CONCLUDING REMARKS. LISTS

At the close of this half-century, some remarks on the present state of education in the Convent might be expected.

Nor can we refrain from mentioning again, on the same subject, the immense obligations of the community to our ecclesiastical Superiors, the Bishops of Quebec.

If, in the course of the preceding pages, the paternal solicitude of the chief Pastor of the diocese for all the inmates of the Monastery has appeared on every occasion that regarded their welfare, temporal or spiritual; what shall we say of their judicious and enlightened zeal, as exerted to promote the principal object of the institution, the education of young girls, that education which is never to lose sight of its double object, by preparing useful members of society and heirs of the kingdom of heaven ?

The list of our obligations would be long, while the names of Bishops and Archbishops to whom the community owes a special meed of gratitude would succeed each other only to inscribe with ever increasing admiration the name of His Grace the Most Reverend Louis Nazaire Begin, Arch-

1—These were Mother Jeanne Létourneau of St. Paul, professed in 1830, deceased in 1893; Mother Louise Aylwin of St. Philip, professed in 1882, deceased in 1892; Mother Joséphine Michaud of Ste. Cécile, professed in 1835, deceased in 1890; Mother Kate Murphy-Kelly of Ste. Philomena, professed in 1839, deceased in 1890; Mother ——a white-veiled novice in 1838.

bishop of Cyrene and the present administrator of the diocese, whose zeal for the promotion of education is proportionate to his life-time efforts and labors in that great and holy Cause.

In perfect accordance with the recent letter of the Holy Father on Catholic education, " religion is not only taught " to our pupils " at certain hours, but all the rest of the instruction exhales, as it were, a fragrance of Christian piety. The imparting of the various branches of human knowledge is associated with the culture of the soul."

The Normal School department, organized in 1857, has thus far proved most satisfactory. Not only has it during these forty years been fruitful in religious vocations, but hundreds of teachers among the eighteen hundred pupils graduated from the school, have merited praise in accomplishing the work for which it was instituted, that of teaching in the parishes throughout Canada. In this work, the community considers the pupils of the Normal school as their special auxiliaries. They are uncloistered Ursulines, who are commissioned to disseminate throughout the country those principles of piety and good morals, those habits of order, neatness and good manners which have been inculcated to them so carefully by the nuns charged with their formation.

It is particularly in the department of the Normal School that the Sodality of the Children of Mary enrolls its numerous clients. Among them, also, the Arch-confraternity of St. Angela is in great honor. They love to claim the virgin of Brescia as the patroness of their future labors. Happy is that young girl who goes forth from the Normal School with her well-earned diploma, if with her book-learning she has acquired " the higher lore that sanctifies." Then is she truly prepared for the important task that awaits her, and within her sphere, her influence will not fail to be salutary.

As teaching is the first duty of an Ursuline, after that of her own sanctification, it is ever the aim of the Superiors of the community to provide for the class-rooms, well qualified teachers as well as to supply the school with books and apparatus, school-furniture, etc. In short, they are solicitous to keep pace with the progress of the times and to meet the expectations of parents to whatever rank of society they may belong.

For advice and aid in bringing up to the standard of the times the course of studies in the department of the boarders and half-boarders, we have already mentioned our deep obligations to some distinguished members of the Seminary of Quebec, as well as to our two venerated chaplains now deceased, Father Thomas Maguire and Father G. L. Lemoine.

In the latter, we had lost, in 1889, a faithful and devoted friend; but the watchful care of Divine Providence would not abandon a community so grateful for past favors. Our recent loss has been remarkably compensated by the successive nomination of two members of the clergy eminently qualified for the important position, the Reverend Louis Paradis, our chaplain during five years, succeeded in 1895 by the Reverend Lionel St. G. Lindsay.

It will be a grateful task at a future day for one of the sisterhood, to recount all that was undertaken and accomplished by these excellent directors, whether in laying the foundations of a solid piety and forming the character of the pupils, or in exciting their emulation and contributing to their advancement in their studies. But let us not trespass upon these future pages further than to bless the Hand of God, who directs so graciously all things that they "work together for good" in favor of the daughters of Venerable Mother Mary of the Incarnation and their youthful charge.

But an event of touching interest for the Ursulines of Quebec has yet to be mentioned, and our readers naturally expect to be told what are now the prospects of a speedy accomplishment of our wishes and theirs.

The process for the beatification and canonization of the Venerable Foundress of the Monastery of Quebec, instituted with all the required formalites in 1867, under the authority of His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau, Archbishop of Quebec, has been transferred to Rome, where the several Commissions previously held have been declared valid.

As thirty years have now elapsed since they were commenced, as all the steps taken have only served to confirm the reputation of sanctity which has ever surrounded her name, and which, in 1874, won her, by the decision of the Court of Rome, the title of Venerable, our hopes of a favorable issue point to a day not far distant. The documents collected so solemnly to prove her heroic virtues are there in Rome; the Holy Father himself is interested in the cause, and in due time the decree will go forth authorizing the name of Marie Guyart de l'Incarnation to be publicly invoked as "Blessed Mother Mary of the Incarnation", or better, "Saint Mary of the Incarnation." Such is our prayer, such is our steadfast hope, as it is of the twelve thousand Ursulines throughout the world, all of whom, we believe, know the history and invoke the aid of our

VENERABLE MOTHER MARIE DE L'INCARNATION.

SUPERIORS SINCE 1839 AND COMMUNITY IN 1897

23. Mother Adélaïde Plante of St. Gabriel; Superior from 1836 to 1842; 1848 to 1854; 1857 to 1863; 1866 to 1872.
24. Mother Isabella McDonell of St. Andrew; from 1842 to 1848; 1854 to 1857; 1863 to 1866, deceased 1866.
25. Mother Adèle Cimon of St. Mary; from 1872 to 1875.
26. Mother Georgiana Van Felson of St. George; from 1875 to 1878; 1884 to 1890.
27. Mother Elizabeth Tims of St. Catherine; from 1878 to 1884.
28. Mother Georgiana Létourneau of Mary of the Assumption; from 1890 to 1896.
29. Mother Flavie Gagnon of Ste. Antoinette, 1896.

PROFESSED CHOIR-NUNS, 1897.

	Professed in
Mothers Josephine Holmes of Ste. Croix	1840
Christine Delorme of St. Charles	1846
Catherine Gosselin of Ste. Claire	1848
Marie Louise Proulx of Ste. Julie	1850
Catherine Doherty of St. Christine	1857
Flavie Gagnon of Ste. Antoinette	1860
Luce Couture of M. de la Visitation	1861
Marie Osithée Faucher of Ste. Hélène	1866
Reine Girouard of Ste. Gertrude	1867
Antoinette Routier of Ste. Cordule	1867
Emma Nault of St. Joseph	1868
Emma Cimon of St. Jean Baptiste	1868
Adine Angers of Ste. Marie Madeleine	1869
Clémentine de la Chevrotière of St. Marc	1869
Georgina Létourneau of M. de l'Assomption	1869
Célanire Gosselin of Ste. Pélagie	1870
Eveline Blanchet of St. Michel	1871
Stella Murray of St. Edward	1872
Henriette Audette of M. de la Providence	1874
Paméla Roy of St. Louis	1874
Emma Chaperon of Ste. Aurélie	1876

		Professed in
Mothers	Alvine Sirois of Ste. Elizabeth	1877
	Joséphine Chaffers of M. de l'Enfant-Jésus	1878
	Sara Chabot of Ste. Clotilde	1879
	Marcelline Talbot of St. Félix	1881
	Catherine Power of St Bartholomew	1882
	Bridget Coote of St. Ursula	1882
	Grace Nagle of St. Agnes	1882
	Margaret Lindsay of St. Agatha	1883
	Caroline Fréchette of St. Frs. Xavier	1884
	Marie Thibault of St. Cyrille	1885
	Eleonore Higgins of St. Paula	1885
Sisters [1]	Teresa Harrison of M. of the Rosary	1886
	Alice Riverin of St. Frs. de Borgia	1887
	Albertine Lachance of St. Thomas	1887
	Marie Leclerc of Ste. Jeanne de Chantal	1887
	Rose Williams of Mary of Calvary	1887
	Albina Paré of M. de l'Annonciation	1887
	Clarisse Hudon of St. Alphonse	1887
	Joséphine Galerneau of St. Benoit	1888
	Antoinette Routhier of Ste. Joséphine	1889
	Marie Rouleau of M. du Précieux Sang	1889
	Arabella Laliberté of Ste. Thérèse	1889
	Alphonsine Dumas of St. Frs. d'Assise	1892
	Alphonsine Galerneau of M. de la Purification	1892
	Rosa Lapierre of Ste. Adélaïde	1893
	Adélaïde Matte of M. du Sacré-Cœur	1894
	Adélaïde Lachance of M. du Bon-Secours	1894
	Joséphine Boily of St. Bonaventure	1894
	Eva Raymond of St. Athanase	1895
	Elizabeth Colfer of St. Cecilia	1895
	Wilhelmine Pelletier of St. Augustin	1896
	Marie Lse O'Sullivan of St. John	1896
	Adèle Taschereau of Ste. Monique	1897
	Célanire Pelletier of Ste. Catherine	1897

1—Choir nuns, less than twelve years professed are usually designated as Sisters.

LAY-SISTERS

		Professed in
Sisters	Esther Turcot of Ste Véronique	1843
	Olive Fortier of Ste. Rose	1849
	Marie Desharnais of Ste. Apolline	1849
	Marie Bédard of St. François	1854
	Philomène Sédileau of St. Bernard	1862
	Aurélie Bouillé of St. Hyacinthe	1863
	Marie Fournier of St. Clément	1864
	Mathilde Bergeron of Ste. Thècle	1866
	Elmire Naud of St. Denis	1867
	Caroline Turgeon of Ste. Marthe	1871
	Marie Paradis of St. Roch	1874
	Philomène Marcoux of St. Joachim	1875
	Arthemise Harvey of St. Régis	1885
	Célina Tremblay of St. Nicolas	1885
	Honorine Cloutier of St. Amable	1887
	Georgiana Martel of Ste. Geneviève	1888
	Séraphine Dorion of St. Alexis	1893
	Angélina Dionne of Ste. Marguerite	1894
	Eugénie Paradis of St. Vincent de Paul	1894
	Emma Huot of St. Mathieu	1895
	Agnus Groleau of St. Grégoire	1896
	Marie Anne Huot of St. Laurent	1897

Total, not inclu[illegible] Sisters aiding in our newly-founded Convents, 77 professed [illegible]ans.

LAUS CHRISTI.

ERRATA

Page 2 for " 1874 " read 1872.
" 12 for " 1862 " read 1855.
" 23 for " 1830 " read 1850.
" 38 for " austerily " read austerity.
" 45 for " reserve " read rescue.
" 97 and following headings for " visiters, " read visitors.
" 104 for " 1874 " read 1872.